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A MISSIONARY POEM.

BY THE

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THE Son of God is gone to war,
A kingly crown to gain;
His blood-red banner streams afar,
Who follows in his train?—HEBER.

To all, who marshall'd in Truth's firm array,
By fervent prayers, or tribute gladly paid,
Or brave adventures in a just crusade,
Have trophies won in regions far away;
So that, enfranchised from malignant sway,
Exulting hosts in happy freedom bring
The heart's allegiance to their rightful King,
(Unfitting boon) I dedicate my lay.
Oh! that some Tasso, of contention tired,
Anxious that war's destructive feuds were o'er,
Would blazon bloodless feats on pagan shore,
Hymning the ranks by holy love inspired,
Then rapt in fond delight I would abide,
And cast my weak aspiring harp aside.

CONTENTS.

BOOK I.

INTRODUCTION.

Page

The Soldiers of Christ, 1-66—Their Armour, 67-82—By whom ministered to, 83-94—Invocation, 95-170—Subject, 171-200 3

BOOK II.

IDOLATRY.

Idolatry, 1-90—Its History, 91-172—Juggernaut, 173-198—General evils, 199-242—Irrational Deities, 243-254—Customs in the South Seas, 255-292—Reference to the systems of Taou, Brahma, and Boodh, 293-344—The satisfying portion of the Gospel contrasted with the Boodhist's notion of annihilation, 345-390 15

BOOK III.

AFRICA.

Africa, 1-6—Past annals, 7-34—Superstition, 35-46—Entire absence of any form of Worship in some tribes, 47-56—

Page

Reference to undiscovered quarters, 57-70—Degradation of Africa, 71-130—Description of a slave hunt in Eastern Africa, 131-170—Slavery in Western Africa, 171-178—Sufferings of slaves, 179-246—Appeal to Britain, 247-252—Favourable hopes, 253-262—The Niger expedition, 263-284—Promise of the Future, 285-326 35

BOOK IV.

THE MISSIONARY AND THE WIFE OF THE MISSIONARY.

The Missionary, 1-72—Eminent saints too numerous to be named, 73-90—Xavier, 91-104—The Moravians, 105-160—Eliot, 161-184—Brainerd, 185-194—Swartz, 195-224—Heber, 225-242—Martyn, 243-264—Buchanan, 265-272—Carey, 273-276—Williams, 277-300—Marsden, 301-306—Several others, 307-318—Moffat, 319-332—Happiness of such, 333-342—The Wife of the Missionary, 343-422—Mrs. Judson, 423-506—Mrs. Newell, 507-520—Mrs. Winslow, 521-524—Conclusion, 525-528 .. 53

BOOK V.

TRIUMPHS OF THE GOSPEL.

Progress of the Gospel, 1-28—Effects, general, 29-78, and Individual, 79-82—Africaner, 83-120—The Fantees, 121-126—Abdool Messeeh, 127-152—Tuglavina, 153-160—Finau, 161-168—Romatane, 169-182—Tamatoa, 183-196—Auna, 197-202—The Tahitian, 203-270—The Redman of America, 271-276—Enlarged hopes, 277-334 81

BOOK VI.

CHRISTIAN OBLIGATIONS.

Page

Address to Fame, 1-28, to Science, 29-54, and to Religion, 55-78—Example of Paul, 79-96—Help required from all classes of Society, 97-112—Appeal to Mothers, 113-126, and Christians at home, 127-134—Description of Heathen usages, 135-146 — Infanticide, 147-162 — Children at Goomsoor, 163-170 — The Suitor, 171-176 — Domestic contention, 177-180—The Suttee or burning of the Widow, 181-202—The childless Mother, 203-208—Old Parents, 209-212—The sick Man, 213-218—The Thugs, 219-226 —The Rites of the Farmer, 227-236—Dherna's Curse, 237-240—The Suicide Leper, 241-244—The Priest, 245-248—The Fakir, 249-252—Caste, 253-262—Pilgrims, 263-266 —The African Wizard, 267-270—The Redman, 271-274—Awful state of the Heathen, 275-318—Appeal to European Kingdoms, 319-322—Holland, 323-326—Sweden, 327-328 — Denmark, 329-334 — Saxony, 335-336—Prussia, 337-338—Britain, 339-408, and to the United States of America, 409-424, and the Church of Christ, 425-444 101

BOOK VII.

JUDEA.

Judea, 1-16—Abram, 17-18—Jacob, 19-20—Moses, 21-22—Joshua, 23-26—Isaiah, 27-28—Ezekiel, 29-30—Jeremiah, —31-32—Daniel, 33-36—The Asmoneans, 37-40—Protection of Jehovah, 41-50—The Messiah, 51-56—Destruc-

Page

tion of Jerusalem, 57-80—Sufferings of the Jews, 81-90—Unholy ritesand debasement of the mint imputed to them, 91-94—The Crusades, 95-100—Persecutions in England, 101-102—France, 103-104—Spain, 105-106, and Portugal, 107-108—Severity of them, 109-112—Transient gleams of prosperity, 113-120—Address to the Jews, 121-152—Allusion to their Restoration, 153-192—National mourning succeeded by more propitious times, 193-232—The Ten Tribes, 233-260—Anticipation of a happier Era, 261-320—Conclusion, 321-324 125

BOOK VIII.

THE MILLENNIUM.

The kingdom of Christ, 1-40—Decline of evil, 41-98—Prevalence of Peace and Love, 99-150—An age of prosperity, 151-162—Diminution of error, 163-168, and Heathenism, 169-264—Altered bias of the fashion of the World, 265-288—Happiness of domestic and social life, 289-370—Satan bound, 371-376—Angelic visits to earth renewed, 377-384—Blessedness of the Saints, 385-388—The heavenly Jerusalem, 389-400—The purposes of God accomplished, 401-408 145

BOOK I.

The Soldiers of Christ, 1 - 66 — Their Armour, 67-82 — By whom ministered to, 83 - 94—Invocation, 95 - 170 — Subject, 171—200.

INTRODUCTION.

"O Thou, to whom in ancient time
The lyre of prophet bards was strung,
To Thee at last in every clime
Shall temples rise, and praise be sung."—PIERPONT.

To other bards unenvied themes I yield
The changeful fortunes of the battle-field;
Youth's blighted hopes, the veteran's latest cry
Drown'd in the thunders of artillery;
The reeking sword, the musket's baleful breath,
And all war brings of Sorrow and of Death.

I hymn a Victor, but the vanquish'd gain
Life from his words, and blessings from his reign.
His bloodless banners every fear destroy,
Emblems of peace, and messengers of joy.

He lifts his sceptre with a brow benign,
And all are pardon'd who behold the sign.
For Judah's Lion knows not how to rend
The prostrate foes, who on his grace depend.
The grateful hosts their former chief abhor,
And swell the legions of the Conqueror.

I laud his marshall'd troops. A band so true,
No monarch famed, or chieftain ever knew.
Love to their leader is the electric charm,
That nerves their courage, and redeems from harm.
With ardour fired the ranks of Christ defy
Siberia's snows, and Afric's burning sky,
The open risks of unrelenting strife,
And specious hordes, with secret malice rife,
The joyless wastes, where Famine loves to stray,
And rampant Fever lifts her hand to slay,
The Monsoon's rigour, and the Siroc's breath,
And countless arrows of the Archer, Death.

Onward they speed through regions far and drear
To teach the savage, and the slave to cheer;
Used to the pelting storm, and arid sands,
And braced for all their trusted chief commands.

No pagan bulwarks, strong by art and time,
No rugged breasts, inured to years of crime,
No risks by stormy sea, or lawless land,
Daunt or delay this brave adventurous band.

On Piedmont's hills with zeal the squadrons glow'd,
'Till blood, like torrents, from their bosoms flow'd.
The Belgic saints in death their Lord adored,
Despite a tyrant's threats, and crimson'd sword.
Unbribed, unterrified, our English sires
Braved the fierce fury of the Smithfield fires,
Fires, death, or banishment, resolved to bear,
Resign'd to ought, save treason and despair.
With ambush'd snares Caffrarian thickets teem,
New-Zealand's plains with spears and falchions gleam.
The Thugs of murder vaunt, the stern Malay
Shrinks from no crime, and opes his hand for prey.
But Jesu's troops ne'er duty's call deny,
They fight as warriors, or, as martyrs, die.
The sullied name—the dark unhallowed creed—
Waken fresh zeal, and prompt the nobler deed.

Dear is a Father's smile, a Mother's word
In welcome tones by eager ears is heard.

A sister's praise—a brother's kindness—cheers,
Valued through fond companionship of years.
Soothing is Friendship, strong the kindred spell,
Which young Affection frames and guards so well.
But *love** to Christ more firm and true shall last,
Sires, friends, outdone, and woman's-self surpass'd.
It gilds success, in dungeons burns a light,
A Sun at mid-day, and a moon by night.
Streams cannot quench it, nor the change of clime
Age cannot damp, it braves the siege of Time,
And soars for endless years to shine above,
Faithful to Him, whose name, and acts are love.

But whence those radiant arms? methinks I see
This marshall'd host array'd in panoply,
Ethereal, firm; for each offensive dart
Spends its vain strength, and glides from every part.
Truth girds the loins, and glory of their dress
Appear unearthly mails of righteousness.
Their shield of faith will fiery darts repel,
Though hurl'd by Satan's arm, and forged in hell.

* "If any man come to me, and hate not his father, and mother, and wife, and children, and brethren, and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple."—St. Luke xiv. 26.

Salvation's helm securely guards the head
With hope's bright promises in perils dread.
Unlike the Greek, whose heel, defenceless left,
Was by the point of Trojan arrow cleft,
With Gospel peace their bounding feet are shod:
Their's too the Spirit's sword, the word of God.
Help in their need is daily sought, and given
By one all-powerful in earth and heaven.

And who those aiding friends? methinks I see
Encamp'd around a heav'n-born company,
Who cheer in gloom, in fierce contentions fight,
Guides through the day, and sentinels at night.
Such as met Jacob, when in dangers drear
He felt a husband's love, a father's fear.
Such as Elisha saw, when Syria's king
Sent a vast band the dreaded seer to bring.
'Gainst him were steeds, and cars, and warriors brave,
But girt with fire an angel host to save.
Such as to Abraham's arms the beggar bore
In Death's soft lap to pine, and want, no more.

Farewell, ye visions of an age gone by,
Parnassian Hill, and Fount of Castaly.

Ye Muses nine, once Presidents of song,
Invoked so vainly, yet invoked so long,
I woo ye not. O Thou my heart inspire,
Through whom the prophets glow'd with sacred fire,
And sceptred David learnt to rove along
Through sinuous mazes of the realm of song.
On Thee I call, who tunest harps on high
To choicest airs of floating harmony:
Where Angel and Arch-angel quoirs unite
To chant the glories of the Infinite,
And with mellifluous notes aspiring try
To hymn the triumphs wrought at Calvary;
Herein they fail, though with due notes, I ween,
They greet a pilgrim from this earthly scene,
And wake fit pæans in exulting strain
O'er every prodigal returned again.

O great Forerunner of thy warrior band
To thy own home, the better Canaan's land;
I ween in those bright mansions, built above
For all the saints, the trophies of thy love,
There is a golden harp, attuned by thee
To hymns coeval with Eternity.
There all shall minstrels be; the sweetest lays
Shall yield fresh tribute in the theme of praise.

E'en haply I, who have essay'd in vain
To grace high subjects with befitting strain,
May break enraptured in a loftier song,
And share the spirit of the harping throng,
And blest with nobler gifts may droop no more,
In mazes lost, or impotent to soar.
As when an exiled palm forebodes decay,
Condemned to want the sun's serener ray,
But rëestablished 'neath its native sky
In beauty blooms, and rears its head on high.

Methinks I see a heav'nly *Jordan's** wave
The jasper walls of blissful Salem lave,
Methinks I catch such music in those spheres,
As ne'er Ilissus knew, or Camus hears.
But antedate our grateful songs, inspire
Celestial fervour in the flagging lyre,
And make thy Church, by untold ransom bought,
Speak, as she feels, and praise thee, as she ought,
And with faint pow'rs of thankful homage tell
Thy matchless love, supreme, unsearchable.
Why should the world unrivall'd lays assign
To transient gauds, which dazzle, and decline?

* "And he shewed me a pure river of water of life." Rev. xxii. 1.

Let bards of Zion fitting strains prolong,
Matchless their themes, as matchless be their song.
For though the Minstrel may delight to rove
From hill to dale, from dappled mead to grove,
And praise the ranks by land, and ocean, bold,
Heroic names—in Honour's lists enroll'd.
Yet there are nobler themes—the faithful few
In storm and sunshine to Jehovah true,
Who strove with good to check the pow'r of ill,
Met hate with kindness, and were friendly still.
No threats appal, in vain temptations lure,
From age to age they suffer, and endure,
Refreshed by holy peace, and joys in view,
Such as the world may spurn, yet never knew.

Oh for the words of that angelic lay,
Heard by the Shepherds on thy natal day!
Oh for the notes of exultation high,
Pealing in anthems through the joyous sky,
Like sound of many waters, as they roam
Through pearly meadows to their ocean home,
When twice ten thousand Angels came to greet
Ascending Shiloh to his glorious seat!
Oh for the harp, but not of them, who sung
On Tiber's banks, or Grecian isles among;

But that of Gabriel, who could sweetly sing
Of those glad tidings he rejoiced to bring,
Or that of him last welcom'd home, and blest
With God's own smile, in heaven's lov'd port to rest!

My doubtful steps the hand of pity leads
From brooks of comfort, and enamell'd meads.
I leave the mystic *stream*,* to Zion dear,
With course that beautifies, and waves that cheer,
Nor hear those hymns of praises, prized so well,
Borne from the mansions, where the *righteous dwell*.†
I roam through hapless lands, like those of old,
Where idols gleam'd in dazzling cars of gold,
When horrid Moloch caused the mother's cry,
And Ashtaroth oped her walls for revelry;
And Superstition from Oppression's hoard
Her votive gifts in wild profusion pour'd.
Peace has no refuge here; around me lie
The wastes of error, and of misery.

* "There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God."—Psalm xlvi. 4.

† "The voice of rejoicing and salvation is in the tabernacles of the righteous."—Psalm cxviii. 15.

Yet taught by Thee, blest Guide, unscathed by fear
I pace the deserts, no Oasis near.
Of ills and perils heedless, I rejoice,
Hearing through storms the music of thy voice.
Cheer'd 'mid the cheerless, with the captive free,
I taste the bliss of thy supremacy.
I serve, though griefs impend, and tempests low'r,
The God of happiness, the source of pow'r.

I sing of heathens in their sad career
Needing Religion's aid, Compassion's tear;
Who, bent 'neath loads of grief and error, sigh,
Boding worse sorrows in Eternity.
Oh that the Gospel had a wider scope,
Transforming tears to smiles, despair to hope!
Oh that to blinded erring man were giv'n
The love of holiness, a glimpse of heaven!

BOOK II.

IDOLATRY.

Idolatry, 1-90—Its History, 91-172—Juggernaut, 173-198—General evils, 199-242—Irrational Deities, 243-254—Customs in the South Seas, 255-292—Reference to the systems of Taou, Brahma, and Boodh, 293-344—The satisfying portion of the Gospel contrasted with the Boodhist's notion of annihilation, 345-390.

IDOLATRY.

"First Moloch, horrid king, besmear'd with blood
Of human sacrifice, and parents' tears."—MILTON.

GREAT is thy might, accursed though it be,
Thou bane of nations, stern Idolatry,
From age to age by polish'd realms revered,
Sooth'd by the slave, and by the savage fear'd.
Wide is thy empire, countless hosts obey
Thy iron rule, and glory in thy sway.
To thee Japan devotes her fair domain,
And bigot China knits a captive chain.
Proud Birmah crouches, Hindoostan resigns
The golden tribute of Golconda's mines.
The Huron fears thy fateful wrath, to thee
The Patagonian bends a suppliant knee.

Thy ruthless creed the Ocean realms defiles,
And dims the beauty of Pacific isles.
Yon marble walls offend the shrinking eye,
Symbolic types of dark iniquity.
In thy proud dome of Eastern pomp appears
The spoil of nations, and the work of years.
There thou art wont to cheat with artful wile
Thy trusting votaries, or with vice beguile;
Like some false prophet with sardonic grin
Mocking the dupes of unsuspected sin.

In fancy's eye thy lineaments agree
With the grim features of the fierce Kalee.*
Ensanguin'd streams thy thirsty lips bedew,
Or on thy bosom leave their scarlet hue;
Thy necklace threading human heads for beads,
Sign of thy taste, and record of thy deeds.
This hand a sword bedipt in carnage rears,
In that a giant's trophied head appears.
Around thee stand a servile sullen train,
Which shares the horrors of thy dismal reign.

* The Hindoo Goddess Kalee is described with a necklace composed of human skulls hanging down to her knees, her girdle consisting of human heads, and her breast besmeared with the blood of giants, of which she had just been drinking.

Keen spikes and hooks and knives fell Torture plies,
And Murder claims his daily sacrifice.
Unblushing Theft within thy halls abides,
Immodest Revel at thy feast presides,
And on his silken couch in listless trance
Reclines the stubborn God of Ignorance.

I roam through courts with streams of gore defiled,
Where mangled forms, death-doom'd by choice, are piled.
I see a cheerless band, I hear the wail
Of pagans groping in Death's dreary vale.
On scented wings the welcome zephyrs fly,
And yet in notes of moody sadness sigh.
Majestic rivers toss their silvery spray
With pensive warblings in their onward way.
The gliding stream with sunny lustre smiles,
But human blood its tainted waves defiles.
Nature around her faultless charms may shew,
But scarce conceals the secret of her woe;
Like some reluctant bride in festive train
Deeply regretting, though she grieves in vain.

Thou cause of error, homicide, and woes,
In qualms of penitence thy guilt disclose.

As some fierce murderess in relenting mood
Describes a life with heinous crimes imbrued,
Unfold the rites, at which, as poets say,
The gentle Moon obscures her pallid ray.
She of a bright, perhaps unsullied, clime
Averted shuns thy hateful acts of crime:
While some sad star without a mantle sees,
Reluctant witness, thy dark mysteries.

But doff disguise, and when within thy fanes
Mirth with its sportive train of pleasure reigns,
Display thy features, shew the baneful wile
Hid by the semblance of attractive smile,
Withdraw aside thy robe of borrow'd light,
And stand reveal'd in every zealot's sight,
'Till each abhors, as to thy courts they crowd,
The horrid form, to which they long have bow'd,
Regretting hosts of annual victims slain
In bigot phrenzy at the crimson'd fane.
Thus would thy votaries undeluded flee
The fatal haunts of Sin and Misery,
And rend the subtle meshes, which enclose
Thy fond enthusiasts to unnumber'd woes.
Yet such are Sorrow's fountain, who may know
The waves of wretchedness, which thence shall flow!

Thy cruel tortures in the pilgrim's way,
Thy spikes and fatal cars on festal day,
Thy baneful creed with reason's voice at war,
The hopeless anguish of thy worshipper,
Are painful themes—and oh ! how hard to bear
Thy iron servitude, and yet despair.
Fevers and Famines rage ; the furious Storm,
Volcanoes, Earthquakes, Nature's face deform :
They vex awhile, and cease. Time's healing hand
With health and bloom repairs the wasted land.
But thy dread ills, unconscious of reprieve,
Mar the whole year, and wrecks of ruin leave.

Thou Blight of Asia, Polynesia's Curse,
Parent of miseries, of crime the Nurse,
Give me thy book of horrors, let me scan
The degradation, and the guilt of man ;
Thy senseless creeds, inspired by folly's breath,
The haunts of pleasure, and the rites of death.
How Israel's daughters, Israel's God forgot,
For Thammuz mourn'd, and rued his hapless lot ;
How lovely sons of many a weeping sire
Were borne to Moloch through infuriate fire :
How Moab's vanquish'd Monarch, flush'd with zeal,
Barter'd his offering for his country's weal,

Moved by no yearning tenderness to spare
His son, a kingdom's hope, the sceptre's heir;
Trusting the gift most valued in his eyes
Would rate with Chemosh as an equal prize.
In dusky groves, the Queen of Ocean, Tyre
Her noblest offspring doom'd to rav'ning fire.
And Carthage would such hideous rites pursue,
Heir of her commerce, and her idols too.
The Ethiops, thankful for light's daily boon,
Slew sons to Phœbus, daughters to the Moon.
E'en Greece was blind, with sage scholastic lore
Knowing not God from Wisdom's letter'd store.
For human blood in Nemea's dismal grove
Tarnish'd the altars of relentless *Jove;**
While for Apollo's sake steep Leucas gave
Her air-tost victims to the yawning wave.
Let Athens blush, averse, ashamed to say
The tragic horrours of Diana's day.

* In the worship of Zeus Lycæus, in Arcadia, human sacrifices were introduced. In Leucas a person was every year thrown from a rock into the sea. At the feast of Thargelia two persons were put to death, one in behalf of the men, and the other in behalf of the women, at Athens. When the soldiers of Julius Cæsar attempted an insurrection at Rome, two of them were sacrificed to Mars. The early Italian nations used in times of danger to vow to the deity anything that might be born in the next Spring. —Smith's Antiquities.

Rome too may mourn, by ruthless rites bereft
Of gallant soldiers, whom campaigns had left.
Mars claimed in peace his prey, and Spring arose
Startled by death-shrieks from his long repose.
Each sacred tree in Upsal's grove of yore
With bones was garnish'd, and defiled with gore.
On Odin's shrine nine *Swedish** princes died
To purchase health to their old sire denied.
In mournful dirges seagirt Mona tells
Of priestly orgies in her rocky cells.
Cusco laments her sins of ancient time,
Ere the stern Spaniard took revenge of crime.
With martyr'd hosts, the noblest of Peru,
Her whirlwind path was Error used to strew.
And gory waves, like mountain streams, would flow
From idol shrines of cruel Mexico;
Where sacred snakes in triumph roll'd along,
And snatch'd fresh infants from a servile throng.

Revolving ages count their myriads slain
By choice, or outrage, in thy dismal reign.
Some shed their blood the mood of War to calm,
And shield their country from impending harm:

* A King of Sweden sacrificed nine sons to Odin for an extension of life.—THOMSON.

Some, that sick flocks may former health partake,
And some to check the lions of the brake:
And some the Ocean's tempest to allay,
And some to shorten Famine's pinching sway:
In such dread hours have Monarchs laid aside
Their gemm'd tiaras, and, as victims, died.
Others enlarged the ample list of crime,
That rising towers might stand the siege of time.
Some conscience-struck by guilt's afflictive rod,
Journey'd in penance to their Idol-God;
But wayworn pilgrims, faltering with age,
Fell unresisting by the tiger's rage.
Yon fettered throng in pride of manhood dies
To grace a chief's detested obsequies.
In murky cellars children spend their life,
Mark'd for destruction by the priestly knife.
Kalee's stern priest, the *Thugs*,* a band abhorr'd
Destroy their hundreds by the ready cord.
The Areois too thy dire behests obey,
Like famished panthers, prowling for their prey.
Intrepid warriors brook the halberd's blow
To purge a *marai*† ravaged by the foe.

* The Thugs in India and the Areois, in the Society Islands, are trained to acts of murder.

† Marai, a Temple.

Envy has doom'd the innocent to die
By baseless charge of secret sorcery:
And tens of thousands Madagascar's pride,
Drank the *Mangeena's** fatal juice, and died.

Were all thy victims' groans together blent,
A cry surpassing thunder would be sent;
Were all the blood collected, shed for thee,
A scarlet Gunga rolls a wider sea.

And here are told the glories of thy reign,
Haply recorded in Satanic strain;
Where rich in grandeur, and by custom dear,
Orissa's shrines, thy favour'd home, appear.
Priests, gay in dress, with festive pomp elate,
Chant the loud hymn, and ope the massive gate;
With wasted form, and sunk, dejected eye,
The zealot ranks approach to kneel and die,
Moving along with toilsome step and slow
To their last stage, a caravan of woe;
Like barter'd troops, that with expiring breath
Bless the bribed chief that hurried them to death.
While lean jackalls, and envious birds survey
The wretched throng, and gather to the prey.

* "Innocence and Guilt were respectively interpreted by the inoffensive and pernicious effects of the Mangeena draught."

Thirsting for blood the Eastern Moloch calls
Devoted myriads to his regal halls.
Hope of all hearts, enthroned before the throng
In lofty car the Idol rides along.
Vain gamesome carols sound on every side,
As his slow wheels roll bathed in homicide.

Why peals that cry of blithesome pleasure there
From countless voices wafted through the air?
No more yon wife her absent lord shall see,
Nor yon glad sire rejoin his family.
Insidious Death near some sequester'd glade
Shall steal upon them from his ambuscade.

Thy guilt is boundless, though the stream of Time
Hides with dark waters half thy deeds of crime.
There, though in books unchronicled, they lie
Endless in number, fadeless in their dye.
With babbling mouths tell, Nile, the horrors hid
Within the ken of yon high pyramid.
From thy sly haunts shew, Niger, rites gone by,
Screen'd, like thy wave, from European eye.
Count, roving Zaire, through Afric's mournful clime
The dupe's lamentings o'er the Sibyl's crime.

In piteous measures, plaintive Shary, say
The tragic legends of thy joyless way.
Yea! streams, in which no pilgrim's eye delights,
Witness dire scenes in Error's deadly rites.
Gunga, disastrous rites of eld disclose,
Thou Sea of waters, fraught with seas of woes.

Describe the self-tormentor, rack'd with pain,
Wending toward thee more holiness to gain.
And name the devotees, whose highest pride
Was to die swallow'd by thy sacred tide.
Tell, blushing Sun, how Vice with lasting stain

Near Daphne's groves defiled thy godless fane.
And let Balbec's colossal aisles declare
The sumless guilt, that marr'd thy worship there.
Pure, beauteous Moon, unwilling Goddess, say
What rites appall'd thee in thy nightly way.

Ye Constellations, lit by hand Divine,
Unfold the sins of ancient Palestine:
When to your orbs was blind obeisance paid,
And He renounced, who those bright lamps array'd.
Weep, injured Earth, with doleful tongue confess
The darksome deeds of sundry provinces:
They cloud thy beauty, and thy landscapes doom
To be Aceldamas, and vales of gloom.

Nay! cast a veil upon the impious scene,
Aud faithless pagans from impeachment screen.
All, all is pure, but he, for whom were made
Rich dales, blue mountains, and the scented glade.
Creatures around, save him, who claims command,
Bear faultless record of their Author's hand.
Deluded pilgrim in forbidden ways,
Man from the path of Hope and Duty strays,
Adoring schemes of fancy, yet denies
The just and gracious Ruler of the skies.

Insensate Egypt deifies no more
The Ox and Ibis on her fabled shore,
Nor soothes with costly pomp the swelling Nile,
Or sues the mercy of the Crocodile.
Yet Leopards oft, and Bears, securely roam,
The worshipp'd Guardians of a pagan home.
Here Cows and Boas are believed divine,
Here hallow'd Monkeys own a costly shrine.
Fanatic priests a sumptuous homage pay
To Kites and Vultures bent alone on prey.
And Galla tribes, confused by error, see
Their God an inmate of the Wanzey tree.

What have ye seen, O Winds, where Summer smiles
In lengthen'd empire o'er Pacific isles,

And Cocoa-groves with graceful beauty deckt
In Nature's ear proclaim their architect?
In stately groups the pines and plantains rise,
Elysian woods, a second Paradise.
Pure dews descend, soft rains the meadows cheer,
Fair springs, rich autumns, grace the blooming year.
Ye know the cloudless skies, and velvet plains,
Where long-enthroned benignant Plenty reigns.
On amber waves the sun in glory beams,
And Earth all-lovely, and all-happy seems.
Those balmy vallies, yon resplendent sky
Disclaim the lurking step of Misery.
Near waves so sparkling, and in isles so fair,
Can Sorrow hide, or Fear be ling'ring there?
In these sweet scenes hath error dared to dwell,
Blighting the landscape with malignant spell.
Impetuous *Oro** yokes his bloody car,
Urging fleet horses to the seat of War.
To win his favour, or to check his ire,
At stated seasons twenty males expire.
And thievish Hiro in night's murky sway
Climbs the high wall, and bears the prize away.

* In the Society Islands Oro is the God of war; and Hiro the God of theft. In the Sandwich Islands Pele presides over Volcanoes.

Or Pele slakes her wrath in human blood,
Scarce lesser evil than her lava flood.
A chief is born—slain subjects prove the zeal,
Which fawning priests, and reckless zealots feel.
A chief is dead—perforce a hapless band
Conducts the noble to the shadowy land.
*Here** fingers lopp'd, *there* broken teeth relate
How sorrow rued a dying monarch's fate.
Victorious troops their wasted powers refresh,
Lapping warm blood, or eating human flesh,
Whose breasts portray, tattooed in graphic lines,
A victim writhing at the idol-shrines;
And myriad babes exposed on natal day
Are doom'd to sigh their transient lives away.

Truth never varies, shuffling Error flies
To countless creeds, and rites, and deities.
Here Taou's votaries vaunt of Reason's light,
Though blind, and sunk in Superstition's night.
With feign'd expertness magic arts they heed,
Or on the palms unfolding fortunes read.
And nightly study in the starlit sky
The changeless rubric of futurity.

* It is a frequent practice with the Sandwich islanders, in performing some of their rites, to knock out their front teeth, and with the Friendly islanders to cut off one or two of the bones of their little fingers.—Williams's Enterprises, Chap. xxxi.

Or Brahma claims, as fleeting ages roll,
Gold as his due, or costlier prize, the soul.
But open vice presides his shrine within,
And haughty priests contrive the lures of sin.
Yet while they err, the sage impostors say,
"Years will erase the errors of a day,
And transformations, countless though they be,
Restore degraded minds to purity."
Their idle spells pretend resistless sway,
Which Earth, and Hell, and Heaven itself obey.
Then Vishnoo shudders, impotent to save,
And Siva yields his empire of the grave.
Misguided zealots quit the gilded shrine,
Cheer'd by no glimmer of the light divine.
For mythic feats the Veda's leaves pollute,
Bad for the fiend, too senseless for the brute.

As the warm Sun meridian rays emits,
Near blazing fires *this* patient *Yogee** sits,
While with protruding tongues the beasts of prey
Crowd to the streams, and burning thirst allay.
That barely clad endures through cold of night
The frosty chillness of some mountain-height.
Others, for Hurdwar bound, the livelong day
With measured form eke out a toilsome way.

* Yogee an Indian ascetic, so also a Fakir.

Yon Fakir's hands with soil and seeds are strewn,
He lies inactive, till the seed be grown.
His flesh the base, on which in course appear,
The tender blade, the new and perfect ear.
In painful postures *this* endures to stand,
Or drives his nails through agonizing hand.
Others near tangled groves and rivers stray,
The tiger's quest, the alligator's prey.
With such strange penance hopeless pagans mourn,
Knowing not Him, who all their guilt has borne.

Or thoughtful Boodh in many a fair domain
With rigid laws maintains his rival reign.
His votaries lost in long abstraction seem,
The thralls of Fancy, musing on a dream.
Merit they call, if they from crime refrain,
In quiet live, and woo the pangs of pain:
Meanly they rate the joys of life, and say
"Grief is its portion, and its bourne decay,"
And wish that they, apart no more, may be
Merged in the boundless depths of deity.

My God, my Father, who dost kindly deign
Thy chasten'd sons for better climes to train:

I may not doubt, encompass'd by distress,
Thy trackless ways, thy love, and faithfulness.
I cannot tire, so long as thou art nigh
To see my sorrows, and to hear my sigh,
To make all incidents, like breezes, be,
Wafting me onward to Eternity.
What though unwelcome guest, insidious Care,
This shrinking heart with venom'd tooth may tear,
And fickle friends in wintry hours may fly,
Like swallows speeding to a brighter sky.
Yet guardian hosts shall hover round my way,
And founts unseen these thirsty lips allay.
My thankful soul forgets affliction, when
It feels thy pity, and is calm again;
And if one darksome distant cloud delay,
'Tis edged around with glory's sparkling ray.
Solaced by Thee, grief lulls its sense of woes,
The bliss is doubled, which thy love bestows.
Dried be the tear, and hush'd the weak complaint:
An heir of heaven disdains on earth to faint,
Though vex'd by crosses, conversant with tears,
Nerv'd for severer pangs, and gloomier years;
Thy will be done, let empty day-dreams fly,
If holy joys the aching void supply.
Earth chains me not. Faith hears the sound of bliss,
And sees a purer happier world than this.

Secured on massive rocks I scorn the wave,
Safe in unearthly strength each peril brave,
And trust no low'ring sin-born cloud may rise
To dim my course, and check my soaring eyes.

What were annihilation! would it be
Gain to sleep on in ignorance of Thee,
Senseless and hopeless, with no soul to soar
From strife and exile to a sinless shore:
Where crystal streams near woods of beauty flow,
And sapphire gems in heaven's own radiance glow:
And varying ranks in perfect love agree,
Blest with each other, but more blest in Thee?
O loss beyond compare! hail, grief and fears,
And endless sojourn in this vale of tears!
From heavenly realms I could an exile be,
Their bliss unfelt, unheard their harmony.
Here I could linger, 'spite of all distress,
But shrink appall'd at thoughts of nothingness.

BOOK III.

AFRICA.

Africa, 1-6—Past annals, 7-34—Superstition, 35-46—Entire absence of any form of worship in some tribes, 47-56—Reference to undiscovered quarters, 57-70—Degradation of Africa, 71-130—Description of a slave-hunt in Eastern Africa, 131-170—Slavery in Western Africa, 171-178—Sufferings of slaves, 179-246—Appeal to Britain, 247-252—Favourable hopes, 253-262—The Niger expedition, 263-284—Promise of the Future, 285—326.

AFRICA.

"O Afric! famed in story,
The nurse of Egypt's might,
A stain is on thy glory,
And quench'd thine ancient light."—SIGOURNEY.

My harp is strung to grief: thy hapless shore
In pensive lay, sad Afric, I deplore.
Forlorn and abject, think what thou hast been,
Cradle of Science, Fame's distinguish'd scene:
Now, spacious park for slaves, where bent on prey
Remorseless huntsmen crowd in long array.
Thou hast appear'd through long reproachful years
The saddest object in Earth's vale of tears.
Thy pride is marr'd: illustrious Glory's hand
Blazon'd in annals fair Egyptia's land,

But Thebes no more array'd in splendour boasts
A hundred portals and a hundred hosts.
Imperial Carthage, Mistress of the sea,
Gave far-famed sway, and brilliant hopes to Thee.
But its bright ray, that did thy lot illume,
Was soon extinguish'd in a night of gloom.
Near ruin'd turrets and neglected plains
Fame sounds no trumpet in her old domains,
But mourning faded hopes, and wont to sigh
O'er blighted haunts of Might and Victory,
A crownless head in still oblivion hides,
Where classic Nile from trackless fountains glides.
Much thou wast favour'd, when the Virgin smiled
In tranquil regions o'er her rescued child.
Cyrenian Simon was required to share
The shame of Jesus, and his cross to bear.
Thy great Augustine propp'd an injured Faith,
And Cyprian seal'd his constancy by death.
The glorious news of Inspiration's page
Cheer'd Abyssinia in a happier age:
But Superstition set its truth at nought,
And check'd the blessedness it might have brought.

Deep are thy wounds; and yet what balm is given?
Pity from man? or confidence in heaven?

Here the dark Loadstone, with attractive might,
Is deem'd the home of some mysterious Sprite.
The spotted Snake, and Shark, unhallow'd God,
Receive the Negro's supplicating nod.
There Jugglers skill'd in gregree charms delight
Their martial friends, and wake the foe's affright.
Or sage rainmakers with portentous hand
Evoke the showers, and wandering clouds command.
The fetish-trees,* with human limbs array'd,
Witness dire acts 'neath their reluctant shade.
And booming death-drums,† hourly passing-bells,
For frequent victims sound funereal knells.

And godless tribes exist, who bow no knee
To idol shrines, and fear no deity;
And uncontroll'd their whirlwind passions shew,
Nor voice of Justice, or of Mercy know;
Regarding nought, save what their tastes create,
The love of pleasure, or the thirst of hate.
No human victims stain the priestly knife,
No lambs in ransom yield their harmless life.

* Connected with the performance of superstitious rites.

† The death-drum is constantly heard among the Ashantees announcing the death of some human victim.

Near fabled streams no suppliant pours his prayer,
Bathes in the waters, and is pardon'd there.

Yet nations near the Moon's tall summits* lie,
Hid like some distant planet of the sky.
The strife of parties, the endanger'd throne,
Their feats of arms, are all to us unknown;
And veil'd from them lies Europe's varied page,
Invention's progress and Ambition's rage.
But daring Sin, on shame and woe intent,
Hath thither steps of desolation bent.
Fell Superstition boasts a wide domain,
Fresh links attaching to her iron chain.
Or savage tribes in thickest darkness grope,
Unscared by terrors, and unblest by hope;
While plaintive winds in many a tale of woe
Waft Afric's wrongs, which gather as they blow.

Oh! Thou hast known for many a weary age
Contempt, unpitied wrongs, and vassalage;
Shorn of thy strength, and in thy glory soil'd,
By friends unaided, and by foes despoil'd:
Where bitter feuds, and civil discord, jar
To swell the clamour of aggressive war.

* A range of mountains in Africa, surrounding Monomotapa.

Sires oft betray confiding sons for gain,
And barter'd warriors of their chiefs complain;
And some themselves in hunger's pangs enslave,
Unhappy crisis: bondage, or the grave.
Remorseless kings from lists of wanton strife
With waiting factors trade in human life;
Or lured by gold's delicious bribe betray
The rights of subjects, whom their sceptres sway.
With giant waves Oppression seems to glide,
And Guilt and Error roll a crimson tide.
Affrighted Justice grants no equal code,
Nor meek Religion smoothes the thorn-clad road.
Dense clouds of smoke from plunder'd hamlets rise,
And mar the lustre of the sunny skies.
The famish'd sires on heedless children call,
And on the waste forsaken mothers fall.
In unclaim'd tracts the kingly lion roves
Through lovely champaigns, and ambrosial groves.

Parental tears bedew the thirsty plain
For sons in bondage, or by forays slain.
In cave, or den, or tree, where'er he roam,
The wretched Bushman seeks a cheerless home.
Him pinching wants to nightly pillage press,
And Vengeance dooms to greater wretchedness.

Why, Afric, crouchest Thou, as though consign'd
To soil unfruitful, or a clime unkind?
As though thy sons were dastards, and but few
Thy fame to brighten, or thy strength renew;
Doom'd by ungentle chance, or fate's design,
To tend the sugar, and explore the mine?
Nature was gracious to thy race, and shore,
Oh! be not heedless of her bounteous store.
Did She not deign with free and partial hand
To scatter beauty, and enrich thy land?
Thy argent rivers with majestic wave
Seem ill to suit the savage, or the slave.
Thy tuneful birds with gayest plumage fly,
Thy scented flowers in peerless radiance vie.
Thy tall mimosas in luxuriant green
Deck'd with the flowers of living gold are seen.
Aspiring banyans with their forest shade,
And blooming cassadas adorn the glade.
Neglected vines in many a silent plain
Bend 'neath their weight, most fruitful, but in vain.
Limes, citrons, lemons, fair and frequent sight,
With pines and dates might tempt an anchorite.
Thy precious mines with choicest ore abound,
And richest crops have graced thy fertile ground.

Shall matchless wrongs—shall ancestorial fame—
Provoke no valour, and awake no shame ?
Thy sons, whom nature gave thy corn to reap,
Or tend thy vineyards on the mountain-steep,
Or boldly stem Invasion's surgy tide,
In Cairo's huts, and Cuba's ports abide.

Methinks Egyptia's stern brigades I see,
Girt by Arabia's ruthless cavalry :
The horsemen *here* approach in movement fleet,
The footmen *there* the circling line complete.
The Sun is rising, and his matin ray
Summons to emprize, and forbids delay.
What quest allures ? doth here the tiger hide,
Foe to the flocks, and wet with homicide ?
Is this the panther's lair, who late by stealth
Despoil'd the shepherd of his fleecy wealth ?
Uprising quickly from their couch appears
An awestruck band of hapless mountaineers.
Some quit, by headlands screen'd, with gasping breath,
The strife of freedom, and the scene of Death.
Others by lovely brides encouraged throw
Envenom'd arrows on the rushing foe.
Few, and unarm'd, unpractised, they defy
The veteran hosts, and dread artillery ;

Unused to guns, but yet by them unscared,
For fight, for conquest, and for death prepared.
Disabled chiefs the friendly plantain grasp,
Nor will with life forego the frenzied clasp.
Widows, lamenting for their guardians slain,
Unnerved by woe, accept a passive chain.
Despairing inmates choose the lot of slaves,
By fumes of pepper hurried from their caves.
Or sires and sons in welcome torments lie,
Averse to bondage, yet resign'd to die.
See how yon vassal, who with manly breast
Disowns his lord, and scorns his first behest,
Bound to a horse, and dragg'd through crags apace,
Expires disfigured at the mountain's base.
Some hemm'd with rocks, and rapt with Freedom's fire,
Compel their fierce aggressors to retire.
Who full of guile collect beneath the hill,
And guard the waters of the scanty rill.
The prison'd bands, who view the stream in vain,
From living bark a scanty moisture gain,
'Till for a draught their longings to supply
They yield their children, wives, and liberty.

From north to south, from east to western shore,
Afric, thy sons incessant wailings pour.

Their hateful trade unfeeling pirates ply,
Careless what crowds may suffer, or may die.

The dark-sail'd slave-ships crowd to Benin's bight,
Their holds to cumber with a living freight;
Whose lords, unawed by God or man, resign
Each rising doubt at Mammon's gilded shrine.

Oh! who can count the harrowing acts of wrong,
Borne by the weak, inflicted by the strong?
The echoing hills, the desert wilds have known
The galling lash, the bitter tear and groan.
Here perish'd some, subdued by toil and pain,
Here others died, left fainting in the plain,
And in the lack of water many a slave
Was thrown unpitied to the yawning wave;
And some, as useless wares, were flung aside,
When fell disease the gift of sight denied.
Others expired, in close confinement prest,
Or rashly sought a suicidal rest;
Or Fever stalk'd, in giant strength array'd,
To spread the ravages which Grief had made.

Some 'neath the cutlass fell, and myriads more
Sank ever pining for their native shore;
Hoping* to reach through Death's extended gate,
The treasured headlands of their father's state.
Here labours *One*, whose thoughts oft homeward glide,
Where He with comrades breasted Congo's tide,
The Morning chase—the Evening's festive ring—
Or bloody combats with the forest-king—
These sports are past—Hope chants its swanlike dirge,
Scared by hard fetters, and the spoiler's scourge.

That toilworn drudge regrets with smother'd groan,
His widow'd partner, and his mother lone,
Braced for fatigue, could he his offspring aid,
E'en in his lifetime wretched orphans made.
Yet shall He live—but tossing billows part,
Him, and his household, parted not in heart.
Yet shall He grieve—but no voice skill'd to cheer
By sweet enchantment shall his ills endear.
Yet shall He strive—but at the close of day,
No wife's fond smile may arduous toils repay.

* The dying negro-slave thinks that by death he will be restored to his native country.

Pity withholds its balm, his soul disdains
Perpetual exile, and oppressive chains.
To a fresh lord determined soon to bow
He woos thee, Death, the best of tyrants thou.
For hearts that bleed, limbs used to toil and pain
Expect a furlough in thy tranquil reign.

Hard by a lonely Sire and Consort sighs
Through fears accomplish'd and dissever'd ties.
To distant plains his weeping wife was sent,
His barter'd sons were doom'd to banishment.
Revolting Nature told her deep distress,
Evoking lashes, failing in redress.

Sad Afric grieves beneath her iron yoke,
Like proud Bonduca* at the lictor's stroke.
And mourn ye too, who 'neath the All-seeing Eye
Trample on justice, and your God defy.

Cruel Janeiro,† whose detested ground
Slaves wet with weeping, while their cries resound,

* Boadicea, called Bonduca by Beaumont and Fletcher.

† Rio Janeiro, a port of the Brazils, notorious for its traffic in slaves.

Check, if thou canst, the groans which upward rise,
And plead for speedy judgment in the skies;
Ward off, like Nineveh, from guilty strand,
The shaft that Vengeance poises in her hand.

Weak are thy hopes, Havannah, vain desire
To thrive in guilt, and 'scape vindictive ire!

Cease from inglorious trade, and acts of thrall,
Foremost of spoilers, blood-dyed Portugal,
Whose tarnish'd flags o'er barks of rapine fly,
Emblems of fraud, and aids to cruelty.
Unhallow'd traffic from the nations hide,
Lest Christians mourn, and heathendom deride.

And thou, the boast of Colon's second world,
With standards once at Freedom's call unfurl'd,
Be not with trade in human flesh defiled,
While humbled Albion sorrows for her child.

Arm, Briton, arm, though Piety deplore
The laurell'd wreaths defiled with drops of gore.
In impious bosoms sheathe the glittering blade,
Or fall a martyr, Afric's cause to aid.

In plague or conflict heave no passing sigh,
For Freedom live, or in her triumphs die.

Yet shall thy sorrows cease, unhappy Land,
Like tardy streams absorb'd in wastes of sand.
Thy sons deliver'd from the captor's sway
Find a calm haven in the Lion's bay.*
From thence afar they bear the lamp of life,
Spread holy joy, and stanch the wounds of strife.
Delighted saints Liberia's† walls within
Disclaim the yoke of tyrants and of sin.
Auspicious Hope displays her beacon-fires,
And grasps thy kingdoms in her wide desires.
Thy sister Europe with compassion glows,
Struck in thy wounds, and harrow'd in thy woes.
Caress'd by Freedom, cheer'd by Learning's beam,
She weeps at ills, which worse by contrast seem.
She grieves that monarch, husband, father, friend,
The sacred ties imposed by duty rend;
That Superstition snaps the sacred cord,
Which binds the creature to a heavenly Lord.
For Thee she sues Jehovah's friendly hand,
And sends her seamen to thy troubled strand;

* Sierra Leone.

† Liberia, a Missionary Colony founded by the Americans.

Who by compassion urged resolved to brave
The host of ills that brood on Niger's wave.
Death's sundry shafts the gallant sailors knew,
But persevered with every risk in view.
A baleful clime—impetuous floods of rain—
Successive foes—opposed their course in vain.
Onward they went, till Fever's crimson'd hand
Waved in advance, and check'd the stricken band.
Lives freely sacrificed, and treasure spent,
Are Christian zeal's eternal monument;
Record how man in Duty's service dies,
Prelude of harder, happier enterprise.

Afric, arise! forbear the wonted sigh,
Nerve the sad heart, and stanch the humid eye.
Look through the opening vista, and survey,
The sunny landscape of a happier day.
Through thirsty wilds salvation's channels flow,
With pristine ardour Abyssinians glow.
Reviving Egypt lifts her suppliant hands,
Fetter'd no more by false Mohammed's bands.
Moors, Gallas, Copts, and Ethiopians fall
In glad obeisance to the Lord of all.
The long-despised and outcast race of Ham
Bursts from its chains, and glories in the Lamb.

The orphan's plaintive cry, the widow's wail
Remit their fulness on the spicy gale.
The Korroes,* used to tales of sorrow, raise
Sweet notes of gladness in a hymn of praise.

As when in danger's hour from fertile fields
The parting swain a deadly falchion wields;
Where all was fruitful, nature frowns forlorn,
Empty the barns, which lately groan'd with corn.
But wand of Peace the banish'd charms restores,
And genial Autumns yield redoubled stores.
Thus in auspicious change thy ills shall cease,
Want turn'd to plenty, war absorb'd in peace.
Sagacious foresight rears majestic forts,
And busy commerce fills a thousand ports.
Bound for all realms proceed thy stately masts,
Spurning the wave, and fearless of the blasts.
From banks of Cam and Isis Science deigns
To seek new streams, and dwell in sunnier plains,
Hasting with pilgrim step, and throbbing breast,
In the loved cloisters of her youth to rest.
By Nile and Niger Freedom longs to stay,
And grant the nameless blessings of her sway.
Redemption's glories swarthy bishops tell,
Whose heads become the circling mitre well.

* Korro, the Negro's instrument of music.

The cloudcapt Atlas sings Emmanuel's reign,
With tides of gladness Gambia wafts the strain.
Zaira * forgets the slave's distressful woes,
Brightens with hope, and blossoms as the rose.
The chequer'd morn was sad, the noon denied
Its wonted beams, light came at even-tide.†

* Zaira or Sahara the name of the great Desert.

† "But it shall come to pass, that at evening time it shall be light." Zech. xiv. 7.

BOOK IV.

THE MISSIONARY AND THE WIFE OF THE MISSIONARY.

The Missionary, 1-72—Eminent saints too numerous to be named, 73-90—Xavier, 91-104—The Moravians, 105-160—Eliot, 161-184—Brainerd, 185-194—Swartz, 195-224—Heber, 225-242—Martyn, 243-264—Buchanan, 265-272—Carey, 273-276—Williams, 277-300—Marsden, 301-306—Several others, 307-318—Moffat, 319-332—Happiness of such, 333-342—The Wife of the Missionary, 343-422—Mrs. Judson, 423-506 — Mrs. Newell, 507-520 — Mrs. Winslow, 521-524—Conclusion, 525-528.

THE MISSIONARY,

AND

THE WIFE OF THE MISSIONARY.

"For conquering Clive, or Wellesley's mightier name
The wide world echoes to the trump of Fame.
Yet have there been, who loftier praise have won,
Undaunted Swartz and saintly Middleton."—HANKINSON.

"Speed, speed, ye sons of truth, let Heaven befriend,
Let angels waft you, and let peace attend."—DWIGHT.

FROM Afric's tales of woe, and load of crime,
The saddest record in the rolls of time;
I turn to him, who warm'd with holy zeal
Quits home and friends, to aid the heathen's weal.
His eye is radiant with bright beams of joy,
Which earth cannot elicit, or destroy.
His heart is glowing in ecstatic trance
On wondrous themes, too grand for utterance,

Musing on One, who laid his glory by,
At which blest seraphs veil their dazzled eye;
And, like the sun earth's loftiest heights above,
Shone forth pre-eminent in acts of love,
Deigning to be, by melting pity sway'd,
A feeble infant in a manger laid;
With men of humble rank and lineage seen,
The sinner's friend, the lowly Nazarene;
Removing mental doubts, corporeal throes,
By sunbright hopes relieving human woes;
Spurn'd by his own, to whom he offer'd aid,
By foes insulted, by a friend betray'd:
Bearing the weight of shame, the pangs of pain,
Rank'd with transgressors, with transgressors slain;
Yet for the joy that flash'd before his eye,
Resolved to suffer, and resign'd to die.

The thoughts, that wander o'er the realms of time,
May rest with rapture in Judea's clime;
Earth has no spot to such high themes allied,
As Calvary's mount, whereon Messiah died.

The Pastor heeds not proud Ambition's train,
Nor joins the ranks where mirth and fashion reign;

Vainly the world presents in long array
Its pageant glories, phantoms of a day;
He on God's altar lays an offering small—
A mite most freely render'd—yet his all.
Some vale, or river, wistful memory fills,
Or town embosom'd in a chain of hills,
Or faithful friends, whose fascinating smile
Waken'd fresh joy, and baffled care awhile.
But Superstition glares before his eye,
And death-doom'd pagans, unprepared to die,
'Till Pleasure's siren voice is heard no more,
Than sighs of ring-doves in the torrent's roar.
No earthly motive can his soul constrain,
Like love to Christ, the Lamb for sinners slain.
No glimpse of bliss so glorious can he see,
As where the Lord, there shall the servant be.
He leaves kind friends, loved scenes, and tranquil ease,
Braves sickly climes, fierce hordes, tempestuous seas;
Bound to stern conflicts on a foreign soil,
Yet more of honour waits on more of toil.
Pure love, and faith, shall every cross endear,
And Duty's voice in winning accents cheer,
'Till he acquire, where'er consign'd to roam,
A gain in losses, and in exile home.

Sometimes his work past expectation thrives,
The dew of grace the thirsty plants revives,
So that rejoiced he views his destined spot,
Pleased with his charge, and thankful for his lot.
He lauds the Saviour with his latest breath,
And soars to glory on the wings of death,
Hail'd with the greeting to the faithful given
"Well done on earth! partake the joy of heaven."

His holy zeal did such return supply,
To live was Christ, and yet 'twas gain to die.

The Cross—the Cross, with sweet, unearthly power
Attracts the thought—is present every hour,
To troubled conscience as it yields delight,
Makes sin more hateful in the sinner's sight,
Sheds holy peace—revolting scenes among
Constrains the heart, and nerves the faltering tongue,
In louder notes a ruin'd race to call
To faith in Him who loved, and died for, all.

Regretted Heroes, hail! ye saintly dead,
Who lived to labour, or, as martyrs bled,
Whose honour'd names, by feeble lyres unsung,
The book of life retains its rolls among.

What recks it where ye met the fatal doom ?
In Christian hearts ye find a living tomb ;
As models studied, by esteem enshrined,
Stewards of God, and lovers of mankind.
For her lost sons Religion need supply
No sculptured stones, her martyrs cannot die.

Yet some I mention, though my humble lays
Become not those whose worth surpasses praise ;
Living epistles with a genuine seal,
Faithful in words, and prominent in zeal.
Majestic scions of celestial birth
They tower'd above the fleeting cares of earth.
For noblest ends they lived, nor lived in vain,
Sweetly they blossom'd, and their fruits remain.

I laud thee, Xavier, who didst haste afar
From Rome's refinements, and thy loved Navarre ;
Glad to exchange the dainty camp of ease
For torrid shores, and unpropitious seas.
Prepared for every hazard—every toil—
Which waits the merchant in his quest of spoil,
Yea ! calm in deadlier risks, severer care,
With aim more lofty, and with hopes more fair.
O'er pagan millions yearn'd thy anxious mind,
Untired by years, by distance unconfined.

Fields white with crops in India's realm were seen,
And fair Japan was deck'd with blades of green.
Before thee China lay—with fetters strong
Death cramp'd thy efforts, unrestrain'd so long.

Your matchless acts my venturous song shall grace,
O second Zion, Hernhutt's saintly race
Ye noble race of Christians, chosen band,
Where e'en the humblest may deserve command,
Harmonious brethren—discord's hateful cry
Ne'er check'd your zeal, or marr'd your harmony.
Salt of the earth, your savour is not spent,
Constant in use, in virtue excellent.
Ages on ages own your burning light,
Undimm'd in Europe, clear in pagan night.
Should salient hills their ancient site forsake,
And earth uprooted from foundations shake,
And brawling ocean with tempestuous spray
O'erstep its bounds, portentous with dismay;
Tranquil ye could survey the raging swell,
And with your faith each rising doubt dispel.
What home, what Freedom gave, ye could forego,
If mercy's voice might soothe the heathen's woe.

Mid secret snares, and open hatred bold,
Damp'd by no losses, by no threats controll'd,
You dared to sojourn where the beasts of prey
Prowl'd in the night, and linger'd through the day.
Greenland, the realm of winter's dreary reign,
With pining want and tempest frown'd in vain.
Yea! undismay'd ye sought a colder shore,
The joyless wastes of icy Labrador.
The Lapland serfs, and Tartary's rugged horde,
Shared in the comfort which your words afford;
And North America from many a wild
Whispers the praises of her forest-child.
Hope's sunny Cape deserved her welcome name,
When there with news of peace and love ye came:
Lepers ye tended, by compassion sway'd—
Painful the task, most grateful was the aid.
The toilworn bands, West Indian isles among,
Hearing the truth were reconciled to wrong.
Serene through taunts and lashes many a slave
Felt the pure freedom which the Gospel gave.
Surinam too, and thankful Berbice tell
Of labours kindly borne, and valued well.
The fragrant Ceylon testifies your care,
Possessing spices * nature brought not there.

* "Awake, O north wind; and come thou south; blow upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow out." Canticles iv. 16.

No coasts so savage, as your faith to scare,
And few remain unconscious of your care.
Earth bounds your labours, all you deem allied
Who fell in Adam—for whom Christ hath died.
Still may your zeal, like Judah's sacred fire,
Lit by one hand ne'er languish, or expire.
And like the immortal band of warriors true,
May fresh recruits your wasted troops renew.
Yet may your sons with sainted fathers vie,
Disdaining furlough, toiling till they die;
Knowing, whate'er of suffering befal,
One hour with God will compensate for all.
While the blest hope of his approving smile
Can sweeten pain, and weariness beguile.

Nor can I pass o'er Eliot's name unsung,
Styled the Apostle Indian tribes among;
Who struggled much with persevering mind,
Worn out by hardships, yet to them resign'd;
Now building cities, now enacting laws,
Now pleading earnestly his Maker's cause,
Or writing truths by Hebrew minstrels sung
In tedious words of many a jarring tongue;
Or journeying oft, with toil and age opprest,
Careless of comfort, negligent of rest.

Swamps lay before him, yet the hopeless state
Of untaught Indians would fresh zeal create.
Snares were around him, yet the prowler's knife
Possess'd no fiat o'er the strings of life.
Years witness frequent change—his lofty aim
In youth and age ne'er varied—still the same.
Not Spanish gold, or Glory's vain behest
Made him with warlike tribes so oft a guest.
He sought not theirs, but them—his anxious cares
Were blest—his portion was themselves, not theirs.
A heavenly Guide the flock benignly led
To cooling streams, and in green pastures fed.
Unmixt delight refresh'd the keeper's breast,
Himself was happy, and his charge was blest.

And while a mind by one great purpose fired,
Damp'd by no perils, by no labours tired,
May win our plaudits, and direct our aim,
Embalm'd and treasured shall be Brainerd's name.
While health allow'd, by toils and watchings bent,
In sickness e'en with feebler power intent;
Impell'd by holy Love's constraining power
He spent his manhood's strength, and latest hour,

Like wounded bees, that tire beneath their freight,
Yet for the hive maintain a homeward flight.

Nor will I thee, respected Swartz, forget,
Who by thy deeds and pattern speakest yet ;
Of judgment clear, and penetrating eye,
Skill'd in the network of diplomacy ;
Blest in thy toils to thousands; thousands too,
Thy faith disclaiming, yet thy virtues knew.
When on Tanjore War piled his heap of woes,
Famine within, without relentless foes,
And moody swains, fit recompense denied,
Withheld their grain, and drove their herds aside.
Edicts were vain : the Rajah disobey'd
Moved not by promise, nor by threats dismay'd :
Once and again thou, trusted in distress,
Filledst the fort with hope and plenteousness.
Warn'd by thy voice the Judge his bribes forbore,
And thieves reclaim'd resolved to steal no more.
With love, not vengeance, gallant warriors burn'd,
The mean oppressor evil gains return'd.
Sued for no favours, by no flattery bought
Admiring nobles thy acquaintance sought :
The poor discern'd amid thy glow of zeal
A voice to pity, and a heart to feel.

Mysore's proud King,* in war and cunning tried
Loved Britain's friend, and on his faith relied.
Tanjore's expiring chief consign'd his heir
By legions guarded to thy trustful care:
The duteous pupil thee as "Father" hail'd,
Sooth'd thee declining, and when dead bewail'd.
Still grateful Hindoos shall for aye proclaim
Thy works of love, thy unforgotten name.

Thee, Heber, too, with willing notes I praise,
And mourn the shortness of thy well-spent days.
Vast was thy learning, humble yet thy mind,
Thy manners grace with tenderness combined.
Thy conversation round the social board
With themes of mirth and usefulness was stored.
Bards, who admired thy tuneful lyre, complain
That envious silence stopp'd too soon the strain.
In fond remembrance India's sons commend
The faithful watchman, yet the gentlest friend.
One morn thou wast array'd in vestments white,
Aiding the young by Confirmation's rite.
The morrow's Sun its fervid chariot drave,
And thou wast lying tranquil in the grave.
Thy lips had bless'd—now were their blessings o'er,
Thy knees oft bent in pray'r would bend no more.

* Hyder Ali.

Thy feet unwearied in the work of God
Lay, still and palsied, underneath the sod.

Nor unremember'd in my venturous strain
Shall Martyn's name, and works of love remain,
Who, skill'd in science, fond of classic lore,
In willing banishment sought Dinapore,
Quitting the bowers of academic ease,
And Gurlyn's plains which never fail'd to please.
When faint and wan to Persia's land consign'd,
He deem'd no respite needed for his mind,
Nerved with resolve, which 'gainst obstructions stood,
Sustain'd by faith, the spring of hardihood,
And joy from heaven, which made his trials less,
Or caused a triumph in his weariness.
At home—abroad—in Fortune's frown, or gleam,
He sought refreshment at a living stream.
Call'd early, but prepared; in studies rife
He wrought the labours of a longer life.
Through him to Persians and Hindoos were given
Translated oracles, the lore of heaven.
No anxious friend his parting words received,
Dispell'd his sadness, or his wants relieved.
Lonely he sank, by toil and heat opprest;
The way was weary, but the end was rest.

Nor will Buchanan's toils secreted be
In the dark waters of Oblivion's sea,
While Britain rules the realms, where Indus glides,
And fabled Gunga, mocking Ocean's tides,
And England's Church proclaims from age to age
The sons, that throve beneath her patronage.
His time—his mind's best powers—his all—were spent
To serve his Lord, who such endowments lent.

Long Carey labour'd in translations tried,
His burning zeal all obstacles defied;
He left pursuits of trade at Duty's call,
And plied the pen more deftly than the awl.*

Bear witness, Isles, a tropic ocean's pride,
Where Williams nobly lived, and bravely died,
And ye, who throve 'neath his paternal care,
Heirs of his faith and hopes, oh witness bear.
For your behalf his country's arts he wrought,
And beasts† for profit, and for pleasure, brought.
Just laws he framed, and shapely houses rear'd,
Yet pastor still in Christian guise appear'd.

* He had worked as a shoemaker at Hackleton.

† Williams introduced at Raiatea and elsewhere, horses, asses, and cattle.—Missionary Enterprises, Chap. xxiii.

Nature on him much lavish'd—Learning more,
And Grace was plenteous from a heavenly store.
From year to year a brighter prospect gleam'd,
More loved, more trusted, and more bless'd he seem'd.
Vainly our hopes aspired, the Herald fell
Spreading the tidings, which he prized so well.
Slaughter'd in Erromanga's faithless coast
The sainted Hero join'd the martyr'd host.
Still may his blood in future years be found
A seed of promise, bursting from the ground.

Sad Raiatea oft from coral cells
In piteous dirges her bereavement tells.
Dejected Eimeo owns a boundless debt,
And Rarotonga fails not to regret.
Him Polynesia from her peopled shores
Cut off too soon with unspent grief deplores.

New Zealand's tribes have felt Truth's holy fire,
And hail'd the bearer, as a nation's sire.
On Marsden's face the ling'ring eyes would gaze,
When the tranced ears had heard of Wisdom's ways ;

And peaceful chiefs rejoiced from shore to shore
To convoy forward Christ's ambassador.

Yet could I tell of Ward, and Marshman's zeal,
And Gericke, burning for the Hindoo's weal,
And tireless Chamberlain, e'er hast'ning on,
Judicious Corrie, Brown, and Thomason.
More could I say (and may the sacred fire
Ne'er lose its lustre, or in gloom expire !)
Of Ellis coasting in the southern sea,
Winning fresh trophies from Idolatry,
And Selwyn too, his mitre laid aside,
Ranging the bush, and combating the tide,
And countless more, who supplicating cry
For help from heaven, and toils in patience ply.

Who will not Moffat, honour'd saint, commend ;
The peasant's comrade, and the monarch's friend ;
Resigning home's refinement and repose
For savage hordes amid a host of foes ?
In council sage, when legions, train'd to slay,
Like locust-swarms, descended to the prey,
And skill'd in peace to shape the heated ore,
And frame just laws, where wrong prevail'd before.

In deserts oft denied his thirst to slake,
Chased by the lion, struggling with the snake.
By hairbreadth risks, and long privations tried,
Through love to Christ, and those for whom he died.
But harvests crown'd the once unfruitful soil,
And hours o'erpaid long years of fear and toil.

Thrice happy such to serve a Lord above,
Whose name is Faithful, and whose banner Love.
They prized their Master's will, and knew the call
In hope to labour or as martyrs fall.
Their spoils are deathless souls, whose love shall be
A crown of gladness through Eternity.
Priests in devotion, monarchs in their sway,
With wealth and halls that yield not to decay,
They bloom in fadeless youth, though earth expires
With transient honours in funereal fires.

But there are others still, who nobly dare
In hazards, toils, and banishment to share,
Sisters of those who with their Lord would be
His wants to aid, his dying throes to see ;

The last to leave him, foremost to rejoice,
Flush'd* by his conquest, gladden'd by his voice.

Yon pensive voyager has sigh'd adieu
To friends receding from her aching view.
She gazes on, as if 'twere some relief
To gaze yet more, although the joy be brief.
Friends, kindred, crags, attract her wistful gaze,
'Till all has vanish'd in the distant haze.
With restless glance she strains her longing eye,
Loth to confess she looks on vacancy.
Promiscuous then the throbs of feeling rise,
Spontaneous tears, and unforbidden sighs;
Shewing in this deep transport of regret
She feels as daughter—sister—woman yet;
But with a Christian's strength upheld she feels,
Nor the sure help that name inspires conceals.
It dries her tears, it nerves the quivering lip,
Delightful guerdon of discipleship.
Calm'd by her fate's companion she surveys
A joyous prospect of approaching days.
What though she tarry 'neath inclement skies,
Her Master's cause endears the sacrifice.

* "And they departed quickly from the sepulchre with fear and great joy."—Matt. xxviii. 8.

Persuasive Duty pleads in melting lore,
And Faith shews fadeless joys, when life is o'er,
'Till half displeased she scans the watery way,
That wraps her projects in a long delay.
Observe her smile—its conscious lines portray
Allegiance temper'd with affection's sway.
Words are faint signs—that dove-like eye can tell
Of love unspoken, and unspeakable.
With meek regard thus Eve her consort view'd,
While gushing joy took place of solitude,
Waking to bliss the heart's most secret core,
Which prized the gift, and yet the Giver more.

List to her voice—its tones with wondrous spell,
Like David's harp, successive cares dispel;
Potent to cheer, confirm, and guide aright,
In mirth and sorrow welcomed with delight.
Her measured praise is high and worthy meed
For hardy durance, and adventurous deed.

That tranquil bosom's undisputed throne
A Guest unearthly reckons for his own,
Supreme in might, controlling all the powers
Of thought and wish, that suit a world like ours.

Lodged in that calm retreat through girlhood's days
Confiding friendship shot its sunny rays,
Which warm and pure with double lustre came,
When lips of kindred fann'd the sacred flame.
O'er all her acts a charm religion threw,
Which plastic art nor skilful nature knew,
Faith to the soul a loftier impulse gave,
Implanting hopes that soar beyond the grave.

Months, years, roll on, but with each day arrives
The grace that aids, the solace that revives.
The wife looks forward in more trustful mood,
The past exciting depths of gratitude:
Elate with high resolve, yet not the less
Rich in unsullied truth, and tenderness;
No fainter smile, no dimmer eye she bears,
Nor mind less fitted for domestic cares.
Blasts may howl near, and waves of discord swell,
But Peace within maintains its citadel.
Joy smiles serene, no needless griefs corrode
The cheerful precincts of her calm abode.
As when on Alpine heights the sunbeams glow,
While all is tempest in the vale below.

Her acts, like tokens, and her words proclaim
Forsaken Albion, and endear the name.
For absent kindred cease her consort's sighs,
Her faithful love each vacant place supplies.
She with kind words, and kinder actions blends
The faith she owns, the practice she commends;
Mild in demeanour, and in judgment clear,
Quick to commence, and firm to persevere,
And welcome ever in the Heathen's sight,
As a fair star upon the brow of night.

Hester,* I turn to thee, endear'd to fame,
Partner of Judson's labours, and his name,
No meteor fire attracted thee to roam
Far from the pleasing blandishments of home.
'Twas thine to leave, yet none could prize them more,
The soft endearments of thy native shore.
Friendship's firm tie, and kindred's stronger band,
And all the nameless spells of fatherland
Thy notice claim'd: but in full force array'd
Ne'er shook thy purpose, or thy course delay'd,
These might be lost, yet did joy's varnish'd smile
Thy untried heart to latent risks beguile?

* Mrs. A. Hester Judson, an American lady of distinguished piety, died in Birmah, October 24th, 1826.

Did distant kinsmen on a happier shore
'Mid thy sweet pleasures promise give of more?
Or wast thou lured to view some lovely dale
Blazon'd by warrior's feats or minstrel's tale?
Ungenial prospects met thy glancing eye,
Faint partial presage of futurity.
Thou hast'nest onward, as a secret power
Drew, led thee, kept thee in each doubtful hour.
The cloudy pillar moved before thine eye,
And only stay'd when thou wast call'd to die.
The stream of bitterness with murmurs hoarse
Deepen'd and widen'd in its downward course.
In pagan shores, and din of arms, was spent
A life of labours, care, and banishment.
But Faith's bright star around its lustre threw,
Secreted never from thy rapturous view,
Shew'd to thy gaze the Rock of Ages nigh,
And distant realms of Immortality.

Yet thou hadst other sufferings beside
The common portion of the pastor's bride,
War brought distressful ills, and tempests dread
Burst darkly low'ring on thy saintly head.
'Twas thine to see the partner of thy fate
With insult vext, assail'd by savage hate,

As felon bound, a felon's portion rue,
Of crimes suspected, which he never knew.
Thou fear'dst his death-hour with excitement wild,
Gazing with anguish on thy helpless child.
'Twas thine with heroine fortitude to wait
Sad, though untiring, at the jailer's gate,
And if allow'd thy prison'd lord to cheer,
Thou heard'st of trials render'd worse by fear,
Expert thy freight of sorrows to conceal,
And feign a gladness which thou could'st not feel;
Accustom'd thus to ope the cells of joy,
To share each grief, and half its sting destroy,
And then in tears and solitude to roam
Friendless, belated, to thy distant home.
Rumour predicted harm, the seasons slow
Waken'd fresh terror, and protracted woe.
But thou didst rise weak woman's fears above,
Strong in the faithfulness of woman's love,
Unbent, unbending, though thy feeble form
Like a frail aspen quiver'd to the storm.
But as the sea's tired surges gain repose,
And wintry days in vernal gladness close,
For thee, a witness what thy sex might be,
Was found a refuge in Eternity.

Methinks I see thee on thy couch of death,
Exhausted, wan, and faltering for breath,
Reft of thy spouse, who was not nigh to tell
Of fadeless hopes, and speak a fond farewell;
Thy thoughts have wander'd o'er the tossing sea,
To kindred treasured from thy infancy,
And now are fix'd on woes, and wants, and fears,
Which on thy form have wrought the work of years.
The king of terrors in his dim array,
Uncourteous messenger, forbids delay.
Yet not for all that fancy's voice has lent,
Would'st thou thy choice though steep'd in tears repent.
Thy faith had stood, thy troublous days were sped,
And glory's crown was weaving for thy head.
Nor e'en could health thy wasted form restore,
Would'st thou abandon thy adopted shore.
The grateful hearts of millions yet to be
In happier ages shall remember thee.
Thy work of love shall Birmah's children know,
When Gaudama's pagodas crumble low,
And soaring spires of Christian fanes shall gleam
On Pegu's fort, and Irrawaddy's stream,

And lit with truth the golden city* bring
Its keys of sov'reignty to Zion's King.

Nor can I fail a kindred breast to praise
The trusted playmate of thy youthful days,
Prompt to resign at duty's urgent call
Her earthly hopes—her friends—her life—her all.
'Twas in her heart, as David's, to design
More than she wrought to aid the cause divine.
And He, who deign'd the minstrel king to bless,
Claim'd but the first-fruits of devotedness.
Eager for toils she sped to India's plains,
Where Satan soothed by pomp and victims reigns.
But God unerring barr'd the mystic door,
And sent his handmaid to a seagirt shore.†
She hasten'd there, and died, "Be still—I'm God,"
Was said,—in stillness she obey'd his nod.

And while the eye illumed by grace can scan
Love to Jehovah, and his creature man,
The Church of Christ shall Winslow's service praise,
And Ceylon's isle a grateful echo raise.

* Ava. † Mrs. Harriet Newell, died at the Isle of France, November, 30th, 1812.

None more I name: why should my strains reveal
The cheerful progress of their modest zeal?
For God they labour'd, and their actions lie
Enroll'd in records of Eternity.

BOOK V.

TRIUMPHS OF THE GOSPEL.

Progress of the Gospel, 1-28—Effects, general, 29-78, and Individual, 79-82—Africaner, 83-120—The Fantees, 121-126—Abdool Messeeh, 127-152—Tuglavina, 153-160—Finau, 161-168—Romatane, 169-182—Tamatoa, 183-196—Auna, 197-202—The Tahitian, 203-270—The Redman of America, 271-276—Enlarged hopes, 277-334.

TRIUMPHS OF THE GOSPEL.

"Pale Greenland hears amid her waste of snow,
And sudden smiles unbend her hoary brow.
The western world of woods so silent long,
Claps its glad hands, and peals the choral song.
Eastward old Gunga's far resounding flood,
Rolls its broad billows to the praise of God,
And more than natural beauty blooms and smiles,
Where breathes the South upon Pacific isles."—HANKINSON.

WHO cannot sing of trophies, proud remains
Of strife and hazards in contested plains?
When hath the harp, to themes of triumph used,
In Glory's cause her tuneful aid refused?
Heroic exploits, an inspiring spell,
Urged earth's sublimest bards to sing so well.
The sightless sage from Scio's wild domains,
To Grecia's prowess tuned immortal strains,

And Rome's great minstrel glow'd with sacred fires
At hardwon conquests of his Trojan sires.

Who fails to praise, when victors mercy shew,
Comfort the comfortless, and raise the low,
Shewing in murky skies the distant beam,
'Till future years with smiling promise gleam ?
And who so abject, so enthrall'd by woe,
And wrung with terror, as Messiah's foe
When undeceived he knows his leader's aim,
Condemns his treason, and deplores his shame ?
Yet Christ, benignant Victor, deigns to cheer
The drooping heart, and lull the rising fear.
His gifts ne'er fail, love gilds his feats of might,
Easy his yoke, and every burden light.
With nobler zeal the rescued legions burn,
Shun their old chief, and all his guerdon spurn ;
Whose hollow promise by dissembled wiles
Cheats, while it lures, debases, and defiles.
An Angel's form of light he takes at will,
Plies his old purpose, and is Satan still.

The mystic ark proceeds, glad news resound,
The desert blooms, the joyous hills rebound.

Despair retires, and devotees refrain
From needless toils, and self-inflicted pain.
Thousands, like lions, in their furious mood
Seem in the meekness of the lamb renew'd.
Others notorious for their serpent guile
In candour speak, and unsuspected smile.
Of household rites the cherish'd wife possess'd
Cheers and rejoices, blesses and is bless'd.
Parental hearts in warmer feelings melt,
And filial love is sought for, and is felt.
The slave, deliver'd from the galling chain,
Sits 'neath his vine in Freedom's happy reign.
The poor, the rude, the wealthy, and the wise,
Are one in Christ, and prize their kindred ties.

Oppression ceases: chiefs and people deem
The power of law unfetter'd and supreme.
From fatal strifes conflicting armies cease,
And raise a temple to the Prince of Peace;
As Sabine hosts in warm affection's glow
Renounced their arms, and clasp'd the recent foe.
Contiguous tribes ancestral feuds forget,
Glad to exchange the friendly calumet.*
The war-tide pass'd, and suns more genial shone,
And dried the channel that it roll'd upon.

* The North American Indian's pipe of peace.

Caste, which possess'd a long despotic reign,
Foresees its fall, and rues a shiver'd chain.
Error's colossus firm in ages past
Bends 'neath its load, and quivers to the blast.
The revel feast, and choral dance decline,
While holy praises greet the ear divine.
Time-honour'd idols, like old Dagon, nod,
And prostrate fall before the ark of God.
No howling Pihis* lifeless friends deplore,
For Heaven has joys where partings are no more.

The arts are studied, thriving trade explores
Internal means, and visits distant shores.
The teeming orchards yield their stores to view,
Imported flowers display a gorgeous hue.
Braced for fresh toils disport the sprightly steeds,
And sheep and oxen range the flowery meads.
Plenty bedecks the realm in spangled pride,
With healthy labour toiling at her side.
Aspiring mansions grace romantic plains,
And mines disclose their lead and silver veins.

* Pihi, the funeral dirge of the New Zealanders.

Who would the Swerga* and its pleasures prize,
When Truth depicts the bliss of Paradise?
Amrita's fabled waters may not vie,
With living founts of Immortality.

Pleasing the theme to trace from coast to coast
The vanquish'd saved to join Messiah's host,
Once Satan's bondsmen, 'till from rites abhorr'd
Shrinking with shame they own'd a heavenly Lord.

Let Africaner take the foremost place,
Noted in crime, as prominent in grace.
He, chief of Namaquas, renown'd in arms,
Unused to peace, and heedless of her charms,
From the Gareep,† presageful name of dread,
Rapacious bands to certain triumph led.
He loved the clang of war: no place could yield
Unbounded pleasure like the battle-field.
The smoking hamlet, and the dismal sight
Of slaughter'd foemen were his chief delight.

* Swerga, the Hindoo's Paradise.

† Another name for the Orange River.

The orphan's plaint, the widow's mournful sigh,
Fell on his ear more sweet than minstrelsy.
Terror and wrath obey'd the chieftain's nod,
And blight and havoc linger'd where he trod.
With conquest flush'd, and vengeance in his eye,
He awed to flight a Christian colony,
Bidding contiguous swains their course retrace,
And leave a realm reserved for Afric's race.
But Mercy's herald on kind acts intent,
Uncall'd, unwelcomed, seeks the warrior's tent.
He hears—he weeps—and rues his favourite aim,
Rends trophied wreaths, and deems his glory shame,
Resigns his spoils, and captured realms foregoes,
And pleads for treaties with defeated foes,
Greeting the chiefs, from whom his palms where won,
In love surpassing those by arms outdone.
Heart leagues with heart, and hand to hand is press'd,
Friends, once accursed as foes, the lip has bless'd;
Though strife had thinn'd the ranks from day to day,
And Gareep's wave ran purpled with the fray.
Uncheck'd the lion roves, the pastor's fold
Quails at no roar, nor fears assailant bold.

The friendly king throughout the sultry day
Feeds with the lambs, and scares the wolf away.
In those mild eyes affection reigns alone,
Which once fierce passion boasted for her own.
To aid, not injure, others was his aim,
And love supplied more happiness than fame.

In western Afric Mercy's soothing voice,
Made warworn Fantees* in their ills rejoice.
In wrathful breasts benignant pity rose,
And own'd for brothers unrelenting foes,
'Till childless sires with soft forgiveness burn'd,
Forgot old feuds, and good for ill return'd.

Mighty is Truth: its suasive words inflame
Hearts, which have loved the false Mahommed's name.
Once Abdool Messeeh prized the Crescent's sign,
And bow'd a suppliant at Allah's shrine,
And lightly trod near Error's dark abyss,
Unconscious of the beetling precipice.
He read the Koran, uninstructed saw
The Prophet's life at variance with his law,

* Fantees, a tribe in Western Africa almost annihilated by the Ashantees.

And idly hoped to share in realms of bliss
Joys that degrade the soul of man in this.
He goes an idle hour to while away,
Or hoard fresh satire for a future day,
Where Martyn, legate from a western shore,
Blossoms of hope, and leaves of healing bore.
The zealot listens, but the words he hears
Are grave, not trifling, wake not mirth, but fears.
Like pilgrim bent on flight, yet doubtful where,
The landscape flaming with the lightning's glare,
Thus He with straining eye, and ear intent,
And face betokening deep astonishment,
Remain'd in breathless awe: the destined dart,
Thrown at a venture, strikes his musing heart.
O'er heinous sins and useless years he weeps,
He sows in sadness, but in joy he reaps,
Proclaims the blessings of Emmanuel's reign,
And hymns its glories in an eastern strain.

In lawless fury Tuglavina bore
Terror and grief through icy Labrador.
Widows and orphans o'er oppression sigh'd,
And guiltless foes through fabled charges died.
With conscience sear'd by frequent crimes of years,
Of cleansing blood and saving grace he hears,

And purged from magic arts and murder's stain
Dies a meek subject of Messiah's reign.

Imperious Finau claims a record brief,
Of Samoan isles the far-famed warrior chief,
Who for each Christian clansman death design'd,
Lord of the body, powerless with the mind,
But at the fires of mercy forced to melt
Shares in the gladness which his people felt,
Bidding the heathen turn from blocks of stone,
And sue for mercy at Jehovah's throne.

In group of Hervey isles, a Christian true,
Lives Romatane, the chief of Atiu,
Who bore to hapless Mauke war's deadly tide,
When struck by pestilence her warriors died,
And, worse than Nature's scourge, almost bereft
The isle of habitants the plague had left.
Homeward he sail'd, but soon return'd—and now
Contrition's finger marks his peaceful brow.
He speaks—no threatenings through the air have rung,
He pleads—but wiles are absent from his tongue.
He tells his ancient foes, unnerved by fear,
The sterner terrors of a judgment near,

And shews how Mercy deign'd the lost to save,
And bore the blow unsparing Justice gave.

'Mid Mercy's monuments in bold relief
Stands Tamatoa, Raiatea's chief,
Of testy mood, which would in strife engage,
And nervous arm, obedient to his rage;
Borne by wild gusts, which reason could not quell,
Nor Pity's self with broken tones dispel,
But Anger chiefly held destructive reign,
When Kava fumes inflamed his madden'd brain;
His war-club then he grasp'd, intent to slay
Unwary subjects, a defenceless prey.
He hears of Pardon's unexhausted store,
And entrance finds at Mercy's open door;
Spurning the juice with wrath and madness rife
He drinks delighted of the well of life.

In that wave-circled isle with Areois class'd,
Unhappy years the priestly Auna pass'd,
Inured to murders dipt in scarlet dye,
And nameless acts of wild debauchery;
He freely plunging in the crimson flood
Removes atrocious stains of lust and blood.

See! where reclining on the bed of death,
The old Tahitian with expiring breath

Recounts the sins and griefs of bygone years,
And tells of fadeless hopes, and banish'd fears.
His heart with comfort teems, his speaking eye
Discerns the landscape of Eternity.
"Farewell, my friends," he cries, "on Canaan's shore
We meet in happiness to part no more.
I hear death's hast'ning footstep, yet no gloom
Gathers around the portals of the tomb.
If fears arise, Hope lifts her torch of light,
Auspicious beacon in the shades of night:
And soon through Nature's shatter'd bars I rise
To happier life, a dweller in the skies.

"How pure the Gospel scheme! what words portray
The bliss it grants, the ills it scares away!
Parents were mine, endear'd by test of years,
A wife who crown'd my joys, and lull'd my fears;
My lands were situate where in genial soil
Prolific trees require no watchful toil.
The cocoa-groves replete with nectar stand,
And bread spontaneous waits the grasping hand,
And Nature's charms in hill, and vale, and sea,
Transport my soul with untold ecstacy.

Yet in my cup care threw its bitter bane,
And turn'd the draughts of specious joy to pain.

"Oft subtle Vice its blandishments supplied,
And frequent failures former vows belied;
'Till grim Remorse would harsh reproaches bring,
Rending my bosom with its scorpion sting.
In cool reflection's hour I felt my need
Of purer worship, and a holier creed,
Wishful that Grace in danger's hour may bind
The stormy passions rolling o'er the mind.

"I saw soft woman, prey of causeless rage,
Doom'd to capricious wrongs and vassalage;
I watch'd oppressive acts, and galling fears,
Her smiles unvalued and despised her tears.

"I saw the Father's spear bespatter'd o'er
With reeking life-drops of infantile gore.

"I mark'd my comrades wrong'd by priestly thrall,
Unpitied victims at the marai fall.

Often I dreaded, and with speed I fled
The ruthless Tabu* destined for my head,
Trembling for years, lest some unfriendly voice
Mark me for slaughter, as by Oro's choice.

"Thus fell my sire and brethren — flight alone
Screen'd me from bleaching by the altar-stone.

"I witness'd pilgrims on Death's dreary slope
Strangers to comfort, destitute of hope,
And deem'd my highest, noblest thoughts suppress'd,
A hidden mine within my struggling breast.

"As when the storm's unbridled fury roars
'Mid the green forests of our trembling shores,
The plantain-groves in grasp of ruin writhe,
Like waving grain before the mower's scythe.
At length the sun, no more beclouded, shines
With gorgeous lustre o'er a thousand isles,
And the Pacific lulls her troubled breast
In tranquil quiet, as a babe at rest.
Thus in my heart, to hopeless gloom a prey,
Rose the bright dawning of the Gospel day,

* Tabu, a religious interdict in the South Sea Islands on man or land. When one individual of a family had been proscribed, the rest were in special danger of the same fate.

A sun, that sets not, grants a healing power,
Felt in all scenes, and gilding every hour,
Lighting this chamber's darkness while I die,
With rays, unfailing through Eternity."

He spoke, and braving icy Death's alarms
Rested in sleep, secure in Jesus' arms.

The Red-man Chief, to whom the battle-strife
Appear'd the glory and the end of life,
Wont every softer feeling to conceal,
And clad with pride, a panoply of steel,
In deep remorse bewails the guilt of years,
Nor can repress the gushing founts of tears.

Whom shall I mention still? for myriads more
From rebel ranks Messiah's grace implore,
They but the earnest of that glorious band,
Countless as Autumn's leaves, or Ocean's sand,
Who yet shall yield to Christ from sea to sea
The willing heart, and bow the suppliant knee.

Tired of ancestral error Pekin waits
To hail salvation in her friendly gates.
Through Sunda's straits ships take a costlier store,
Than those of Tyre and vaunted Ophir bore.

Heralds of Truth the clifted Ghauts ascend,
Bearing good news to earth's remotest end.
Past is intestine feud and battle's roar
Hurtling along the uplands of Lahore.
War's baffled plans and hollow visions cease,
And blooms again the olive branch of Peace.

In sundry isles, where darkness caused to err,
Appears no idol, no idolater.
No victims drown, to yawning waves consign'd,
Doom'd to the God within the lake confined.

The moaning wind in mouldering fanes shall sigh;
Thrust from their base dishonour'd statues lie;
Unsightly weeds, in shrines decay'd and lone,
Shall crowd the aisles and mar the sculptured stone;
And brooding silence boast a changeless reign
Where frequent zealots sang a godless strain.

The Tree of Life ambrosial fruits supplies
'Mid Arctic frosts, or under Tropic skies.

The mystic* river meets the glancing sight
Descending slow from Zion's sacred height,
By noble streams and headlong torrents fed
With ampler depths it fills a wider bed,
More clear than limpid Rhine it hastens on,
In current mightier far than Maranon.
Its banded waters roll in conscious pride
Their seaward course, and equal Ocean's tide.
From pole to pole shall sacred truth illume
Benighted realms, and chase the lingering gloom,
'Till Angel eyes a wistful glance prolong,
But find no penitent to wake their song,
Yet as they scan Emmanuel's rightful sway,
Celestial vaults resound their sweetest lay.
For single saints they triumph'd. Vast the joy
When isles and continents their harps employ.

For such blest end Jehovah deign'd to scan
The fitful tumults of the race of man,
Intrepid sages warn'd with suasive tongue,
And prescient harps to heavenly notes were strung,
A nation's hopes were borne on Fortune's tide,
And wild destruction track'd the steps of pride.

* "And, behold, waters issued out from under the threshold of the house eastward."—Ezekiel xlvii. 1.

Emmanuel's flag shall wave its crimson fold,
His warrior host in danger's hour be bold,
'Till earth's vast realms be one illustrious reign,
By other victors sigh'd for, but in vain.

His rule shall last, while stars adorn the skies,
Or groves shall bloom, or cloudcapt summits rise,
Or ocean toss, or rippling rivers flow,
Or day and night their mutual limits know.

BOOK VI.

CHRISTIAN OBLIGATIONS.

Address to Fame, 1-28, to Science, 29-54, and to Religion, 55-78—Example of Paul, 79-96—Help required from all classes of Society, 97-112—Appeal to Mothers, 113-126, and Christians at home, 127-134—Description of Heathen usages, 135-146 — Infanticide, 147-162 — Children at Goomsoor, 163-170 — The suitor, 171-176 — Domestic contention, 177-180—The Suttee or burning of the Widow, 181-202—The childless Mother, 203-208—Old Parents, 209-212—The sick Man, 213-218—The Thugs, 219-226 The Rites of the Farmer, 227-236—Dherna's Curse, 237-240—The Suicide Leper, 241-244—The Priest, 245-248—The Fakir, 249-252—Caste, 253-262—Pilgrims, 263-266—The African Wizard, 267-270—The Redman, 271-274—Awful state of the Heathen, 275-318—Appeal to European Kingdoms, 319-322—Holland, 323-326—Sweden, 327-328 — Denmark, 329-334 — Saxony, 335-336—Prussia, 337-338—Britain, 339-408, and to the United States of America, 409-424, and the Church of Christ, 425-444.

CHRISTIAN OBLIGATIONS.

"Illume the dark idolater,
Reclaim the savage! O thou Ocean Queen!
Be those thy toils, when thou hast laid
The thunderbolt aside."

SOUTHEY.

DECEITFUL Fame, whose votaries fondly sue
For gifts imperfect, and in number few;
For Thee the strong exert their mightiest power,
To Thee the prudent yield the thoughtful hour;
And beauty too, in all her grace array'd,
Shines at thy beck, and thinks herself repaid.
The student, dazzled by thy letter'd stores,
On joyless tomes through lengthen'd vigils pores;
His burden'd mind refreshing ease requires,
His wasted form a longer rest desires;
And yet denied. Thy distant star appears
Sufficient meed along the march of years.

The spell-bound chief thy siren accents hears,
And sighs for laurels steep'd in widows' tears;
A wife, and kinsmen—joys which home can yield;
Friends left expiring in the battle-field;
A mangled form, bereft of limb or eye,
A life exposed to ceaseless jeopardy,
Change not his plan: he gives the sleepless hour
To speed his conquests, and cement his power.
The clarion sounds: its thrilling music charms
The spell-bound hero to the clash of arms,
Where fickle Fortune may his glories stain,
And give a captive to the galling chain.

Immortal souls, the prey of potent wiles,
Long for thy praise, and glory in thy smiles.
With all their powers thy courtiers yield to Thee
A willing service, fruitless though it be.

Illustrious Science, with thy look benign,
Who can behold thee, and thy call decline?
Unscared by past defeats, to win thy praise,
Pilgrims approach the fount where Nilus strays.
Adventurous Park, the Niger's source to scan,
Braved risks of climate, greater risks of man.

The double-stars reveal'd in Afric's sky
Intrepid Herschel track'd with eagle eye,
Heedless what ills from force, or guile, surround
Lone friendless wanderers in Kafir ground.
Banks mark'd from southern seas with toilsome risk
The path of Venus o'er the solar disk,
And daring Cook could Ocean's storms defy,
War's open force, and secret treachery.
Thy fearless seamen spread the snowy sails,
To dance in Arctic, or Antarctic gales,
Spurning the threats of winter's icy reign,
And varied perils of the hurricane.

The young Italian,* bent thy wreath to gain,
Sought the far regions of the southern main,
In dales and mountains pass'd the laughing hours,
A roving bee along a maze of flowers,
Admired the plenty of prolific shores,
And cull'd the samples of botanic stores.
Then homeward bound, by battling tempests tost,
Sank in mid ocean, with his treasures lost.

* M. Bertero, an Italian Botanist, who obtained in the Society Islands two thousand new specimens.—WILLIAMS'S ENTERPRISES' CHAP. XXVIII.

Hail! dear Religion, whose unearthly light
Reveals the goodness of the Infinite,
And hopes which far above earth's ramparts rise
And find a home in realms of Paradise,
Where saints and angels own the blest employ
Of heaven's high King, and share a mutual joy.

Dear to mechanics in the weary hour,
Sweet to the statesman in the cares of power;
Meet for the monarch, soothing to the swain,
Pearl of the court, and glory of the plain;
Cheering the slave, when all is gloom around,
Easing the free from chains that sin had wound;
Delightful haven in the storms of time,
Victor of death, and sun of every clime;
Wealth to the poor, to high-born peers a grace,
Boon for all ages, joy of every race.

Can they, who should with joy thy charge obey,
Shrink with affright, or through neglect delay?—
Unmoved by favours, conscious of no glow,
At Pity's tale of ignorance and woe?
Shall doors be open, and no faithful band
With dauntless step achieve thy high command?

To heralds, on thy happy service sent,
Welcome be toils, and light be banishment.

Rise, Macedonian, tell* the plaint of yore,
Let it resound in Christian ears once more.
Saint Paul no longer can supply the need,
But they exist who own the Apostle's creed.
Hush'd are the notes of that awakening voice,
Constrain'd by duty, and impell'd by choice.
Those feet by death are cramp'd which often trod
Successive regions in the cause of God.
Where falls his mantle? what Elishas seal
Their faith by hardships, and untiring zeal?
Do Jesu's hosts with waning courage fight?
Are souls less precious in Jehovah's sight?
Or can the world, or ease, or risk, or loss,
Beguile and damp the warriors of the Cross?
Can hastening centuries, as along they roll,
Bedim the glories of the trusting soul;
Or haply offer for hell's penal flame
Ages to tire, or potent charms to tame?

Crusaders, haste to combat, boldly wield
The Spirit's sword, and deem the world your field,

* "And a vision appeared to Paul in the night; There stood a man of Macedonia, and prayed him, saying, Come over into Macedonia, and help us."—Acts xvi. 9.

On to the rescue, nor your help delay
For yon pale victims of Satanic sway.
In louder cries report the Gospel sound,
Ye priestly bands on Mercy's mission bound:
Pray, duly prizing God's almighty aid,
Strive, as though much upon yourselves were laid.
Ye humble poor, who news of gladness hear,
Exalt the slave, the distant settler cheer.
Ye, sceptred ranks, foretold by Judah's bard,
The Church of Christ, as nursing parents, guard.
Aid, Nobles, aid; let nought your zeal abate,
No cause so glorious, and no chief so great.
The Prince of Salem spreads his blissful sway,
And heads his legions in the stubborn fray.

Cease, mothers, cease, your youthful sons to spare,
Trusted to Providence, and screen'd by care.
Though Persecution bare her bloody hand,
And ambush'd ills infest the distant strand,
Though rampant fever kindle wild dismay,
And noisome plague unfold her dread array,
Though unsuspected foe, the venom'd snake,
Lurk in the house, or linger in the brake:

Let them depart a ruin'd race to save,
Despite of hazards, fearless of the grave.
Spare not, though Nature own a parent's pain
From bitter wounds which may not heal again.
From every clime by sickness, steel, or fire,
The rescued soul soars upward to its Sire.

When patriot troops attack, at honour's call,
The 'leaguering hosts encamp'd without their wall;
The anxious remnant see their townsmen fight,
Fear in their fears, and in their feats delight.
Thus ye, who screen'd and unendanger'd dwell,
Where ancient truth maintains its citadel,
Triumph and hope with that courageous band,
Engaged in warfare on a pagan strand.

But if Religion plead her lengthen'd train
Of matchless benefits, yet sue in vain:
Let the stern horrours which the heathen feel,
Provoke our pity, and excite our zeal.
As when old Ocean with the blasts allied
In pride of power impels her foamy tide,
The feeble vessel at the tempest's beck
Borne among rocks anticipates a wreck,

But from the lighthouse gleams no wonted ray
To guide the seamen in their murky way :
Thus pagans sail on Error's dangerous wave,
No light to guide, no friendly hand to save.

See where yon palm adorns that lonely glade,
A weeping babe, unvalued freight, is laid.
Thither a host of ants for rapine hies,
Or tigers rush allured by feeble cries,
Or in the rear grim famine, ruthless foe,
Aims, if need be, the last, but surest blow.
His wants neglecting, heedless of his end,
Their homeward course unmoved the parents wend.

One twin to death Australian error dooms,
And with lost mothers living babes entombs.

Inhuman dames resign on Saugur's shore
Their sons to sharks, nor once the loss deplore.

Oft orphan infants pour lamentings loud,
Waking no mercy in the pilgrim crowd,
'Till nightly jackals, fierce with hunger, stray,
And seize the tender unprotected prey.

What are, Goomsoor,* those piteous forms of gloom,
The drooping inmates of a living tomb,
To night and ignorance consign'd a prey,
Reft of morn's glance, and learning's brighter ray,
Whose heavy hearts no parent's love beguiles,
And hope and joy refuse their wreath of smiles?
Like rustic herds they drag a listless life,
Fed but for slaughter, destined to the knife.

In Borneo's vale the ardent Suitor† sighs,
In chilling phrase the scornful maid replies.
No feats of peril grace his humble name,
No slaughter'd heroes crown his martial fame.
He lights the torch of war, from strangers slain
He homeward speeds, and woos no more in vain.

Contending wives dark schemes of malice try,
Struck by the venom'd shafts of jealousy,

* In Goomsoor hundreds of poor children were found immured in dungeons fattened for the purpose of sacrifice.—CAMPBELL'S "BRITISH INDIA."

† Homicide is regarded in Borneo as a qualification for the married state.

Forced to be comrades, but inclined to part,
The many rivals for one haughty heart.

The Hindoo widow, weak with ills to cope,
Sinks 'neath her load, and marks no gleam of hope.
How shall she act? approach the glowing fire,
By custom sway'd, by grief unnerved expire?
Or still survive, while sons and friends complain,
Despised and poor, to drag life's weary chain?
She seeks the pile—a son with skilful hand
In fancied duty holds the blazing brand.
The trump and horn and tambour drown her cries,
The face alone bespeaks its agonies.
Flames hotly rage; she would escape too late
Unmeasured pangs, a self-inflicted fate.
Wildly she struggles, but she strives in vain,
Her bonds forbid her, and her guards detain.
Death claims his prey; perforce she brooks to die,
Unpitied martyr of Idolatry;
And, quitting sons denied a father's aid,
Widens the breach unerring Nature made.

A Rajah's death in throes of wild despair
Despoils the Harem of the loveliest there.

Eleven wives,* Lahore's ill-fated pride,
Burnt at their lord's sepulchral honours, died.

The mother mourns in unavailing woe
Her son destroy'd by death's relentless blow.
Faith shews no meetings in a happier sphere,
A pagan creed is impotent to cheer.
When she expires, in some brute form unknown
Her child, she fears, will tread new worlds alone.

Sires old and frail in crowded highways lie,
And unassisted, uncompassion'd die;
Slighted by those who should their love repay,
A mark for famine, or the tiger's prey.

The friendless swain on Gunga's bank reclines,
With fever shakes, with destitution pines.
To his weak neck a stone the Brahmin ties,
And drowns the victim, heedless of his cries,
And little recks, what sweetness life retains,
How time may cure, or drugs may lighten pains.

* Eleven widows of Runjeet Singh were burnt on his funeral pile.

Proud of their shame the Thugs in blaze of day,
The priests of murder, fasten on their prey.
With smile, and lively tale, and friendly cheer
They win the friendship of the traveller:
'Till quick as thought they stop his stifled breath,
And lull their comrade in the sleep of death,
And fresh from carnage, with new spoils array'd,
Record with thanks Kalee's propitious aid.

Lo! seed-time comes—the husbandmen surround
A human victim terrified and bound.
The priest invokes Maree's benignant care,
Pays the due rites, and speaks of omens fair.
From the live form the quivering flesh is torn,
To various soils the gushing blood is borne.
So may no curse descend! no baleful blight
On the fair crops in evil hour alight!
But kind Maree a bounteous harvest yield,
Avert all ill, and guard the crimson'd field.

For slothful ease the harsh Enthusiast sighs,
And daily wants by Dherna's curse supplies,
Constraining alms, lest ills that know not end
On the reluctant, and their race descend.

The Leper, weary of his life, expires
By hunger's fangs, or voluntary fires;
Hoping that when transform'd he might be free
From evil taint of noisome leprosy.

Mark how yon priest deception's guise maintains,
Heaves saddest sighs, and bears acutest pains.
Yet guilty vice and gain direct his aim—
Among the worthless his the vilest name.

The Fakir, conscious of his crimes, in vain
Writhes with the torture of malignant pain,
A thrilling picture of extreme distress,
Yet nought progressing in his holiness.

The haughty Brahmins* humbler Cshatryas spurn,
With scorn the Vaisyahs from the Soodras turn,
While Soodras too in pompous moods deride
The wretched Pariars with disdainful pride.
Born from one stock, they feel no mutual ties;
Bought by one Lord, no saving truth they prize.

* The successive classes of caste in India are, (1.) Brahmins, or Priests, (2.) Cshatryas, or Soldiers, (3.) Vaisyahs, or Tradesmen (4.) Soodras or Labourers, (5,) Pariars, or degraded outcasts.

Caste rends—with wall of variance broad and high
Man from his fellow, and the Deity.
Its hateful spell, like some stern despot's sway,
Spreads dreary gloom, and scares delight away.

Still myriad pilgrims, heirs of want and woe,
To Junga, Gya, and Tripetty go.
Death-stricken thousands bend their sinking form,
Like locust-swarms before the pelting storm.

The Afric wizard, dreaded and obey'd,
Arts of dark horror summons to his aid,
Nor deems unmeet his aim, mis-spent his time,
As he progresses up the hill of crime.

Adorn'd with human scalps, their wealth and pride,
The Redmen dance in war's stern perils tried.
Spurning the wreaths of love, for hate they live,
And fiercely mar the life they cannot give.

All need the Truth, which they who have not heard,
Know not the best of gifts on man conferr'd.
Want of its light entails a drearier state
Than want can suffer, or disease create.

For Pagans live, by ills and errors prest,
Strangers to hope, insensible of rest.
Pain-stricken millions fear the darksome tomb,
But yet beyond appears a deeper gloom.
Accusing conscience counts her wakeful qualms,
And future wrath displays her dread alarms.
No soothing voice to whisper peace is nigh,
No finger points to Christ on Calvary.
And what are penance, and the zealot's rage,
Dissever'd social ties, and spurn'd old age,
All ills—with which the heathen long have striven,
To want of holiness, and loss of heaven ?

Still prostrate Afric rues her lot of care,
On earth no happiness, beyond despair.
To India's idols sumptuous pomp is paid,
Their creed polluted, profitless their aid.
Ensanguin'd Molochs wake a nation's fear,
Claiming fresh hecatombs from year to year.
Vainly Japan admires her costly shrines,
With guilt she quakes, in hopelessness she pines.
In speechless grief for succour China pleads,
Sunk in her doubts, besotted in her creeds.
A land of wonder, with stupendous wall,
And vast canals, which flow'd at labour's call.

Yet land of pity, for who fails to sigh,
Counting degraded souls which cannot die ?
By rites unsatisfied, by fears oppress'd,
The troubled heart of Siam yearns for rest ;
And Birmah sees the footsteps of decay,
Set on the stately shrines of Gaudama.

If Fijees yet of ruthless prowess boast,
And Madagascar swells the Martyr-host ;
If fierce Sumatra, with untimely doom,
Slays tender babes and maids in beauty's bloom ;
Yet Jesu's heralds, bold and hopeful, say,
" Such were New Zealand and Caffraria."

Salvation's streams await each thirsty soul,
The book of life requires an ampler roll,
And He, who died for all of human race,
Has sumless stores of sympathy and grace.

As erst each hamlet sent, by feudal laws,
A steel-clad warrior in its country's cause,
Thus, Christian Europe, call thy fearless bands,
To wrest from Satan's rule the pagan lands.
Mother of martyrs, Holland, spread afar
Thy faith, secured by risks of ancient war.

The gemlike isles, that stud the Indian main,
Implore more light, nor should they sue in vain.
Wake to fresh struggles, Sweden, and maintain
A nobler conflict than on Lutzen's plain.
Denmark, thy work of holy zeal restore,
Revive the palmy days of Serampore.*
To other Greenlands yet thy sons may speed,
Lit with the ardour of the great Egede,†
Adding fresh trophies in the Holy War
To those achieved on plains of Tranquebar.

And hast thou not, O land of Luther, some
To mete a wider fence for Christendom ?

Aid, Prussia, aid the Gospel's wide career,
Be loyal still; thy king is pioneer.

And thou Britannia, empress of the sea,
Bulwark of Europe and of Liberty,
Pride of the earth, presenting to the view,
What man by wisdom and resolve can do,
Renown'd in peace, in war's stern perils brave,
Expert to conquer, yet inclined to save;
Thine are the mighty masters of the lyre,
And thine the patriots warm'd with Freedom's fire.

* The Danish Missionaries exerted themselves at Serampore and Tranquebar.

† Hans Egede, a Danish clergyman, embarked for Greenland, A.D. 1721.

Thine the philosophers with new arts elate,
And practised helmsmen of the trusting state.
Link'd with thy shield of law and power dispense
Salvation's news, thy best benevolence.
The Morn's first glance, the Evening's latest ray,
Beam on thy vessels in their dauntless way.
Thy countless kinsmen timely aid desire,
Thy banish'd sons a mother's care require.
Great are thy powers to injure and to bless,
Oh ! act thy part, as Heaven's ambassadress ;
Protesting still 'gainst error, if it be
Rampant elsewhere, or haply found in Thee.
Sea-girt New Zealand with dissensions rent,
Blushing at deadly feuds, and battle-spent,
To thy benignant care unbidden yields
Obsequious armies, and prolific fields.
O'er Ocean's depths resounds sad Afric's tale,
Matchless her wrongs, incessant is her wail.
Once by thy hand despoil'd and wretched made
She seeks as fitting recompence thy aid.
Forget not how, in crimson rolls of time,
Thy Druid plied his homicidal crime,
And passive victims, fix'd in tree-like pyres,
Writhed in the fervour of malignant fires.
Much loved and favour'd, grateful zeal display,
That dreariest realms may hail the Gospel ray.

When patriot tongues no more thy deeds recite,
Nor eager ears in that high theme delight,
Nor glist'ning eyes, mute witnesses of joy,
In Glory's feats delighted glance employ;
When thy prized trident, talisman of yore,
Like the Palladium quits thy fated shore,
And the dread lion, emblem of thy might,
Displays no prowess in contested fight,
And princely merchants lose in evil hour
The glare of grandeur, and the sweets of power;
And thy famed Abbey, hopeless of repair,
Crumbles on king, and honour'd subject there;
For time's dark river in impetuous flow
Must earthly pomp with swelling tide o'erthrow:
Then be it shown, as best and brightest gem
In thy refulgent, matchless diadem,
That, ever mindful of the King of kings,
Warm in thy zeal, profuse in offerings,
Thou wast on acts of love and mercy bent,
Deeming thy stores unmerited and lent.

Where are thy valiant hosts, Britannia, say,
With ardour fired, and marshall'd for the fray?
Too prone to gaze with wistful glance upon
The whiten'd cliffs of native Albion,

They unadventurous guard their home, afar
From fearful risks which wait a foreign war,
Where Truth acquires fresh palms, and richest meed
Of hard-won trophies crowns the daring deed.
Unswerving faith shrinks not from risk or toil,
The laurels fade not; kingdoms are the spoil.
Do those, who boldly strive and nobly die,
Awake no kindlings in the passive eye?
Can frozen Apathy retain her mood,
Unchanged by love, unmoved by gratitude?
Light to the blind, hope to the hopeless give,
Reclaim the lost, and bid the dying live.

And thou, Britannia's child, the exile's home,
Where mimic seas with roar of Ocean roam,
Thy banners hoist, in Mercy's cause be bold,
The new world hasting to befriend the old.
Thy cultured spots in spicy Ceylon's isle
With order glisten, and with fruitage smile;
And yellow corn-fields seen in Birmah's soil
Call forth more reapers to the arduous toil.

Oh, that thou would'st with added strength abide,
Stanch, undivided, on Messiah's side,

Friend to mankind, and seeking for thy goal
To free the slave, illume the darken'd soul,
Prepared thy might and fame and wealth to blend
In one broad channel to a glorious end,
Like Mississippi with her muster'd train
Of subject rivers, rolling to the main.

O Church of Christ, by closest ties allied,
Purchase of Him, who rack'd by torture died,
Whom grateful love inspires, and beaming hope
Bids undismay'd with transient ills to cope,
Recruit your ranks, till in their lists be found
The various tribes from earth's remotest bound.
Why will ye halt, while much remains undone,
And realms usurp'd by Satan may be won?

Is there a bond, that kindred hearts allies
By Hymeneal bonds and friendship's ties?
Is there a spell, which nerves the patriot's hand
To spend its latest drop for Fatherland?
A mightier impulse faithful hearts should lead
To live to Him who deign'd for them to bleed.
What are earth's kingdoms, Time's defenceless prey,
Compared with His which cannot pass away?

Think of the age, when pure and undefiled
Tahiti's chiefs, Ohio's forest-child,
Sowers and reapers shall in bliss rejoice,
Approved and welcomed by Emmanuel's voice.

BOOK VII.

JUDEA.

Judea, 1-16—Abram, 17-18—Jacob, 19-20—Moses, 21-22—Joshua, 23-26—Isaiah, 27-28—Ezekiel, 29-30—Jeremiah, —31-32—Daniel, 33-36—The Asmoneans, 37-40—Protection of Jehovah, 41-50—The Messiah, 51-56—Destruction of Jerusalem, 57-80—Sufferings of the Jews, 81-90 —Unholy rites and debasement of the mint imputed to them, 91-94—The Crusaders, 95-100—Persecutions in England, 101-102—France, 103-104—Spain, 105-106, and Portugal, 107-108—Severity of them, 109-112—Transient gleam of prosperity, 113-120—Address to the Jews, 121-152—Allusion to their Restoration, 153-192—National mourning succeeded by more propitious times, 193-232—The Ten Tribes, 233-260—Anticipation of a happier Era, 261-320—Conclusion, 321-324.

JUDEA.

"And shall not Israel's sons exulting come,
Hail the glad beam, and claim their ancient home?
On David's throne shall David's offspring reign,
And the dry bones be warm with life again."—HEBER.

O SACRED Jordan, through whose swelling tides
The pilgrim-saint to fairer regions glides;
O Salem, Home of Peace, whose name awaits
A glorious city deckt with golden gates;
And Zion, seat of love and purest bliss,
Church in a happier realm, and Church in this;
And Canaan, rich with crops, with landscape fair,
Emblem of heaven and all the glories there;—
When you forbear to please, this palsied hand
Shall gain its furlough, heedless of command,
And this frail bosom sleep in changeless rest,
Reft of its sweetest solace, and its best.

We praise your heroes famed in times of yore,
We walk the path your pilgrims trod before,
Their home we seek, though Jordan's streams divide
Our halting footsteps from its happier side.

Abram, the faithful saint, and tender sire,
Resigning all that duty might require;
The wrestler Jacob, who was call'd to share
The mingled draughts of pleasure and of care;
Illustrious Moses, leagued on Israel's side,
The sage historian, and the trustful guide;
The son of Nun, who hosts to triumph led
O'er awe-struck Jordan's dry and pebbly bed,
Devoted kings, and bards with tuneful shell,
And prescient seers were thine, O Israel.

Thy rapt Isaiah sang in matchless lays
Emmanuel's feats, and Zion's happier days;
Ezekiel's voice a sinful nation warn'd
In welcome measures, though advice was scorn'd;
Thy Jeremiah proved a tireless zeal,
Faithful to threaten, sensitive to feel.
Thine was the prophet, to whose eye unfurl'd
Roll'd the frail glories of our transient world,
Successive empires fixed his longing sight,
The panorama of time's hastening flight.

Oppression's chains the Asmoneans broke,
Wresting their country from the Syrian yoke.
When meek Religion pagan force defied,
And Freedom battled at her sister's side.

Yet thou wast chiefly bless'd beneath the eye
And tutelary hand of Deity.
In danger's hour he wrapt in long repose
Presumptuous myriads of insulting foes.
To thy embattled hosts he stood reveal'd
A sword* of succour, and a guardian shield.
While on his saints grace fell like nightly dew,
To cheer their spirits and their strength renew.
In walls and bulwarks lay not Zion's pride,
God was her glory—all was mean beside.

Messiah deign'd to walk thy favour'd shore,
And ope the treasures of unearthly lore,
Thy cities visited, thy plains survey'd,
Drank of thy streams, and from thy mountains pray'd.

But earth's Deliverer, Zion's noblest pride,
Struck by thy hands, ungrateful Judah, died.

* "Happy art thou, O Israel: who is like unto thee, O people saved by the Lord, the shield of thy help, and who is the sword of thy excellency!"—Deut. xxxiii. 29.

Then fell Sedition hew'd his gory way,
Rome's swooping eagles crowded to the prey.
Myriads, whom Mercy oft, but vainly, sued,
Descending shafts of retribution view'd;
Conflicting legions in the fretted sky
Portray'd the hoarded ills of destiny.
Famine, intestine feuds, malignant foes,
Were harsh ingredients in the cup of woes.
With lurid features Vengeance seem'd to glow,
Wild in her wrath; and dreaded in her blow,
'Till Salem fell in Heaven's appointed time,
Famed for her light, more famous for her crime.
With furious wrath; by conscious guilt unscared,
Vindictive Rome the work of havoc dared,
Quickly she marr'd the temple, work of years,
And Judah's boast became a cause of tears.
Impetuous valour whelm'd the martial few,
And unappeased the kneeling suppliant slew;
The hoary locks screen'd not the brow of age,
Nor beauty's tears delay'd the hand of rage.

But when grim Famine paused, and frays were o'er,
And Latium's thirst was slaked in streams of gore,
Gay Fashion saw the captive bands expire
On wide arenas by the Lion's ire.

The few survivors of their country's doom
Envied almost the inmates of the tomb,
Wont to approach the tropics—either pole—
But barr'd from home, the idol of their soul.
Misguided kings with bigot zeal assail'd
Messiah's kinsmen, and by him bewail'd;
And pride held out a race to scornful view,
(Whence boding Seers and Bards their lineage drew,)
Which kept for ages an unequall'd store
Of truth and doctrine, Inspiration's lore.

Unholy rites with blood of infants stain'd—
Mysterious magic—sacraments profaned—
The mint debased—dark crimes with art conceived
Were spread by hate, by ignorance believed.

When Europe's armies Asia's strength defied,
Whelm'd countless hosts, and stain'd the Paynim's pride,
The Arab deluge sore obstructions found,
Chafed like the sea, and knew its destined bound,
Judah's old towns and glorious hills were prized,
Her hapless children, and their race despised.

With bigot zeal mistaken Albion boil'd,
The weak it banish'd, and the rich despoil'd.
Envy, fanatic rage, suspicion's glance
Scared Judah's offspring from the plains of France.
Priest-ridden Spain despised the voice of ruth
In fancied fealty to the reign of truth.
The sister-realm, by kindred hate inspired,
Discharged her bolts, with levin fury fired.

Then woman sank by toils and losses tried,
And sireless babes in destitution died.
Fraud, rapine, murder, gladly found pretence
For acts of pillage, and of violence.

Yet welcome Hope sometimes with brow serene
Her visits paid, though few and far between,
When smiling Science to Tiberias* fled,
And cloister'd halls of Sora loved to tread,
Or in Cordova taught illustrious lore,
And stoop'd her pinions on Sarmatia's shore.

* The seminary of Tiberias was regarded as a Jewish Athens. The schools also at Sora and Cordova were of great celebrity. Rabbinical traditions dilate much on the kingdom of Khozar, by the Caspian sea.

While empire's badge on Khozar's plains was set,
And Caspian waves recall'd Gennesaret.

Why dost Thou, Judah, mercy's voice defy,
Buoy'd by false hopes, which in succession die?
Thy fame is marr'd, like passing dreams, have flown,
The pomp of state, the trappings of thy throne.
Change guides the seasons: ages but prolong
Thy chequer'd lot of exile and of wrong.
No more on Shinar's plains in regal grace
Resch Glutha,* Monarch of a captive race,
Claims mimic honours of a phantom pride,
Luring thy credence from the Crucified.
Thy strength is wither'd, and thy glory dim,
The Ephod vanish'd, lost the Teraphim:
No daily victim on thy hearths expires,
No costly incense fans the fragrant fires.
No silver-trump collects thy sons from far,
And lulls the terror of aggressive war.

Yet cease to droop, adore with warm desires
The Shiloh promised to thy prophet-sires.
To his kind ear thy faults and griefs disclose,
'Till He unties the Gordian knot of woes.

* The Prince of the Captivity, a descendant of David.

Believe and hope—though oft thy sons have borne
The foeman's vengeance, and the captor's scorn:
Though the stern Roman in an evil hour
Marr'd Salem's beauty, and destroy'd her power;
Her temple burnt, nor sparing sex or age,
Consign'd her bravest to the lion's rage;
Though lordly Moslems in disdainful pride
The race of Judah, and her creed deride,
Though clouds of wrong and anguish, like the past,
Descend in gloom, the darkest, and the last,
Thy country's shame,* thy exile's ills shall be
Doubly exceeded by prosperity.

Methinks e'en now propitious winds prepare
Homeward to waft the exiled wanderer.
Methinks the fields renew'd in pristine dress
For Canaan claim the palm of fruitfulness,
And Jordan's stream with swelling tide aspires,
And heavier tribute from his rills requires;
While scarce is heard the current's piteous sigh
In sad remembrance of the days gone by.
Methinks the Nightingale the groves among
Varies her ditties with a gladsome song.

* "For your shame ye shall have double."—Isaiah lxi. 7.

Each terraced hill expects its ancient lines
Of waving olives, and prolific vines;
And pensive palm-trees cast their gloom aside,
Clad in the glories of ancestral pride:
As though from Ister's banks or classic Rhine
Thy sons were bound for richer Palestine.
No false Oasis decks the distant plain,
No lovely mirage fosters hope in vain.
A glist'ning Phœnix, to his fathers peer,
Flutters his pinions rescued from the bier.
Now dawn the glories of prophetic song,
From opening seals unnumber'd blessings throng.

As anxious turtles* with collected food
On speedy pinions seek the waiting brood,
Or ice-bound sailors in the Northern sea
Hail the warm beam that gives them liberty,
So homesick Jews from far, unwelcome skies,
Speed to the land unrivall'd in their eyes,
And, well beloved† as Abraham's children still,
Worship once more on Zion's sacred hill.
The olive-branches yet in beauty rare
Await the husbandman's returning care,

* "Who are these that fly as a cloud, and as the doves to their windows?"—Isaiah lx. 8.

† "But as touching the election, they are beloved for the fathers' sakes."—Romans xi. 28.

And re-united Jewish boughs entwine
Their buds of promise in the living vine.
The North* gives up, the South detains no more,
And charter'd hosts approach Judea's shore.
Their sun eclipsed through long and gloomy years
With beams of more than wonted grace appears;
The tardy winter fails, and welcome spring
Bears countless favours on her loaded wing.

As when a wife, in justice doom'd to bear
Years of estrangement and the pangs of care,
With self-reproach and penitential tears,
Seeks the loved partner of her happier years,
Relenting Judah shall her faults confess,
And be forgiv'n past unfaithfulness.
Her sons inspired by love and truth forego
What Mammon offers, or the Rabbis shew.
With streaming eyes in sumless grief they view
Him, whom their sires in bigot frenzy slew,
Worthy all praise, as Heir of David's line,
Worthy all praise, as David's Lord Divine;
Who, when He stoop'd, in mercy deign'd to bless
The lost and ruin'd by his lowliness.

* "I will say to the North, Give up; and to the South, Keep not back: bring my sons from far, and my daughters from the ends of the earth."—Isaiah xliii. 6.

Fountains of tears their pallid cheeks deform,
Lamentings sound like Ocean's furious storm.
Less was the woe, when o'er Josiah's* bier
Desponding Judah shed the mindful tear.
In briny drops of contrite grief they sow,
But joy succeeds—the harvest of their woe.
Jehovah deigns to grant primeval days,
The reign of splendour, and the glow of praise.
Auspicious science of inventions boasts,
And patriot ardour fires the martial hosts.
In grateful ease the pilgrim's foot reclines,
The friend of Salem seeks no other shrines;
And Israel's line owns wider sway, I ween,
Than fell to Ishmael in the Saracene:
While earth's best gifts, not few nor small, combine
With joys and succour from the Hand Divine.

No more a butt for scorn, a prey to wrong,
Happy as rich, magnificent as strong,
Reviving Zion shall her turrets raise,
A scene of pleasure, and a name of praise.
As a tall oak, impair'd by wasting age,
Lone and defenceless brooks the winter's rage;

* "In that day shall there be a great mourning in Jerusalem, as the mourning of Hadadrimmon in the valley of Megiddon."—Zechariah xii. 11.

No crowns of leaves the battling storm repel,
Or veil the scars where bolts of thunder fell;
But blooming spring returns, the scars to hide,
And with fresh honours fan its ancient pride.

Where are the hosts, to whom their captor gave
A home in Halah near to Gozan's wave?
Where, Median cities, are the stranger-band,
Unwilling exiles from their father-land?
The feats of old are hush'd, in changeful war
The trophied Medes have found a conqueror;
And choice or fear through time's eventful sway
Elsewhere have borne the captive tribes away;
Reveal'd to One who can their lineage trace,
And call the exiles from their hiding-place.

From east to west, by Cinn'reth's refluent sea,
They haste to claim the plains of Galilee.
Jehovah's* arm the marching hosts sustains,
As erst their fathers from Egyptia's plains.
Delighted Hermon rears his lofty mien,
And Tabor clothes his sides with fresher green,

* "I will surely assemble, O Jacob, all of thee; I will surely gather the remnant of Israel."—Micah ii. 12.

As though with friendly signs prepared to greet
The long-lost exiles to their native seat.
No more shall Salem tempt the envious eye,
Nor proud Samaria with her sister vie;
Nor Ephraim* more in Judah's ills delight,
Nor princely Judah vex the Ephrathite;
But unsuspicious peace and concord reign,
And Jacob's sons, as brethren, love again.

Increasing towns on desert wastes are found,
'Till homeless thousands find no empty ground.
The sons of Canaan need an ampler shore,
And all her plenty seems but scanty store.

Judah, dismiss regrets, nor muse upon
The might of David, pomp of Solomon.
Truth loves old haunts, and angel hosts once more
Shall haunt the realm, where oft glad news they bore.
Though Jezreel† stands, where vengeance scathed the foe,
And memory lisps of captured Jericho.

* "Ephraim shall not envy Judah, and Judah shall not vex Ephraim.—Isaiah xi. 13.

† The Midianites and Amalekites were here defeated before Gideon.—Judges vi. 33.

Though plains and hills reveal, with legends fraught,
How seers have prophesied, and heroes fought.
Auspicious fame may hoard a loftier tale
For Kishon's ancient stream, and Hebron's vale.
Time bright with rainbow hues shall seasons bring,
When Earth* may flourish 'neath Judea's wing;
And foreign legions Canaan's realm resign,
Jehovah's grant—by right of ages thine.
And Moslems † haply, at their master's call,
Hew the dry wood, or build the circling wall.

Europe befriends, with grateful love possess'd,
The troubled race, whose sires her God has bless'd.

In thy revival Truth's benignant sway
Extends its range, and sheds a milder ray.

Thy native vine acquires a deeper root,
Blossoms, and buds, and fills the world with fruit.

* "And the Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising."—Isaiah lx. 3.

† "The sons of them that afflicted thee shall come bending unto thee."—Isaiah lx. 14.

Blent with thy tribes the thoughtful mind must trace
The choicest boons that cheer'd our hapless race,
And link'd with it prophetic hymns disclose
The fairest landscape which the future shews.
Yet there may crowd within thy honour'd state
The sage, the rich, the virtuous, and the great.
Ages may grant thee, in thy pomp array'd,
The will to pity, and the power to aid;
And holy works, and purest joys declare,
"Salem* is favour'd, and the Lord is there."

The king was absent: wild dissensions rose,
His friends less active, fiercer were his foes.
The king returns: disloyal factions fly,
And truth and order thrive beneath his eye.

More famed than Sheba's, and with more amaze
Shall foreign queens on Salem's glory gaze,
A beacon bright in darkness, Israel's pride,
Shining for all, who seek her realms beside.

* "And the name of the city from that day shall be, The Lord is there."—Ezekiel xlviii. 35.

Zion* shall feel fresh throes, and nations view
Heirs of her faith, and to her monarch true,
Condemn her doubts, and rash impatience chide,
When clans of children fan their mother's pride.
They from the swoon, that wrapp'd their sires, awake
With ancient ardour for Messiah's sake.
The tuneful Psalmists vie in pleasing song,
The rapt Isaiahs welcome strains prolong.
The saints, as erst in Pentecostal days,
In various tongues† reveal Messiah's praise:
With glowing zeal o'er land and seas they speed,
And spread the records of a blissful creed,
To light and hope benighted tribes recall,
Heirs of the faith and energy of Paul.
Yearly they wage crusades of holy love,
Their amrs unearthly, and their hopes above.

The star of Judah dimm'd in hazy skies
With brighter beam in happier days shall rise,
Compose the waters of the heaving main,
And usher peace and blessedness again.

* "Shall a nation be born at once? for as soon as Zion travailed, she brought forth her children."—Isaiah lxvi. 8.

† The Jews necessarily know many languages through their wide dispersion.

O Zion's King, whene'er thy feet be set
On mountain steeps of leafy Olivet,
Or how Thou may'st to David's race allied
In Salem dwell, and o'er her tribes preside,
I nought presage; but be this wish exprest,
"Thou art of Abraham, let his seed be blest."

BOOK VIII.

THE MILLENNIUM.

The kingdom of Christ, 1-40 — Decline of evil, 41-98— Prevalence of Peace and Love, 99-150—An age of prosperity, 151-162 — Diminution of error, 163-168, and Heathenism, 169-264—Altered bias of the fashion of the World, 265-288—Happiness of domestic and social life, 289-370—Satan bound, 371-376—Angelic visits to earth renewed, 377-384—Blessedness of the Saints, 385-388— The heavenly Jerusalem, 389-400—The purposes of God accomplished, 401-408.

THE MILLENNIUM.

"Powers, Princedoms, Virtues, wait thy Sovereign call,
And but for Thee exists this breathing all.
Then shake thy heavens, thou mightiest, and descend,
While Truth and Peace thy radiant march attend.
With wearied hopes thy thousand empires groan,
Our aching eyes demand thy promised throne."—GRANT.

"O scenes surpassing fable, and yet true."—COWPER.

EARTH, troubled earth, where fierce ambition stirs
Contending tribes to gory massacres,
And brooding sin with gilded evils rife
Mars the soft blandishments of fleeting life,
To thy tired realms a long delightful train
Of holy pleasures bend their course again;
For Truth prophetic opes her mystic seals,
And change comes borne on Wisdom's order'd wheels.

We nought regret that Glory pales her beams,
Where Shinar blooms begirt by rival streams;

Nor may we mourn that Media's pride has fled,
And Susa bows in dust her stately head;
Or that the light, which Pella's* towers upon,
Like meteors, flashing, has like meteors gone;
Or that imperial Rome has brook'd decay,
Iron her heroes, iron too her sway;—
For empire's best and noblest throne shall rise,
And earth obey the Monarch of the skies,
No more a planet where Affliction's band
With Sin, dark playmate, travels hand in hand.
The final kingdom far exceeds the rest,
Firmer, and happier, worthier to be blest;
Kingdom of One adored by quoirs above,
Who died to triumph, and whose name is love.

The future dawns, and on its scented slope
Teem the fair amaranths of enchanting hope;
The dreary wastes surpassing charms disclose,
And howling deserts blossom as the rose.
Truth's scatter'd sparks more frequent and more bright
Twinkle, like fireflies in the pagan night;
Their numbers swell, their radiance lovelier seems,
'Till o'er the earth a solar lustre gleams;

* Ancient capital of Macedonia.

Exulting nations walk in sacred light,
And all the path with joy and hope is bright.

With ready zeal a train of monarchs brings
The spoil of kingdoms to the King of kings,
Yea! costlier gifts are in his cause resign'd,
The grateful heart—the comprehensive mind—
Nor Seba's woods, nor Tarshish isles withhold
The stores of frankincense, or mines of gold.

Methinks unveil'd the promised age displays
A glorious glimpse of unembitter'd days.
Ambition soaring in unfriendly skies
Stoops her tired wing, and fails again to rise.
Keen-eyed Suspicion sees no feign'd pretence,
And lulls the rising doubt in confidence.
In vain lean Envy seeks her wonted store,
Like some wreck'd sailor on a barren shore.
Affliction sees her healthy scholars play,
Lulls cautious fears, and puts her draughts away.
Disease may mark few victims for her prey,
And Death waits ages to assert his sway.
Oppressors contrite for their base employ
Restore the plunder with a fourfold joy.
Night hastens not, with sleepless fears array'd,
Witness of crimes, which court her mantling shade.

The hand, another's goods once prone to spoil,
Is quick to kindness, and inured to toil.
No prison-house with threat'ning front appears
To guard the lawless, or alarm their fears.
No smuggler's bark, no corsair haunts the seas,
But smiling commerce freights her argosies.
Each frigate speeding o'er the ocean spray
Brings welcome news from kinsmen far away.
No toilsome rustics mark with heartfelt pain
Uprooted vines, or desolated grain.
The sower reaps, the planter* keeps his trees,
In his own house the builder dwells at ease.
Yet kindness thrives, and welcome pilgrims hie,
Where fenceless orchards choicest fruits supply.
No more fell showers of deadly hail descend
By human hands a kindred life to end.
No poison'd dart with vengeance laden flies,
The club disused, the spear unvalued, lies.
The war-whoop spreads no terrors through the vale,
Nor pæans more the God of conquest hail;
Nor patriot-hymns, recording feats of war,
Rejoice the wigwam of the conqueror.

* "They shall not build and another inhabit; they shall not plant, and another eat."—Isaiah lxv. 22.

Triumphant trophies yield to quick decay,
And banner'd flags are Time's unaided prey.
From risks of conflict veterans gain release,
And arms are tarnish'd with the rust of peace,
Save when in rural shares the sword appears,
And pruning-hooks usurp the form of spears.
Hush'd are the records of the angry broil,
The pomp of conquest, and the rush of spoil.
No breezes fraught with sighs of sorrow blow,
No hills re-echo to the plaints of woe.
No pining slaves, for sale intended soon,
Eat bread of sorrow in the barracoon,*
Nor exiled sail beneath a scorching sun
To faint with toils, and wish their labours done.
Man in his fellow sees nor fears a foe,
Nor Plata* hears her wonted sighs of woe.
"Know ye the Lord?" enquirers fail to say,
For Truth is wide-spread as the beams of day,
And white-robed Holiness asserts her reign,
Shrinking from guilt, and blushing at a stain.

Unruffled Peace with soft angelic mien
In rural vales, and crowded towns, is seen.

* Receptacle of slaves previous to their sale.

† Plata, a river of South America flowing near quarters of slavery and contention.

For her own locks selectest wreaths she twines,
Adds to her harvests, and improves her vines.
Stores from all lands upon her quays are roll'd,
Her wharves a world's collected treasures hold.
In Earth's last age She yields her noblest arts,
And trades successful in a thousand marts.
Survey her domes ; her choice museums scan,
The boast of nations, and the pride of man.
She lifts her wand, the hungry pine no more,
No harsh repulse is heard at Learning's door.
From every lip resounds in matchless lays
The song of gladness, and the hymn of praise.
Hers are yon cattle on the mountain-steep,
Hers are the yachts parading through the deep,
And hers those fanes, which grand and frequent rise
With stately spires uplifted to the skies.

Like a soft dove in some sequester'd isle,
Where Tropic suns elicit Nature's smile,
Which lives and dies unconscious of alarm,
Beholds no foe, and apprehends no harm :
Thus Peace enjoys a calm and deep repose
Heedless of war, unpractised in its woes.

O Peace and Love, ye pure celestial pair,
With thoughts so noble, and with looks so fair,

Who on this harass'd earth benignly deign
To scatter joys attendant on your train,
I, too severely and too often whirl'd
In boiling eddies of a jarring world,
Loth to observe where Discord's hateful form
Screams with affright, and rides above the storm,—
To your retreats, as to a port, repair,
And pleasure gain—unmingled pleasure—there.
All that I long for—all I prize—I find,
And sigh for nothing which I leave behind.

With harmless wolves the lambs in concord dwell,
The kid and lynx together pace the dell.
Bisons approach unhurt the leopard's lair,
The dog holds converse with the gamesome hare.
The bears and deer agree, on sunny slope
The panther gambols with the antelope.
Hyenas quit their wilds for peopled lawns,
And share the pastime of the sportive fawns.
Forgetting pristine feuds, the tiger whiles
Pacific hours with friendly crocodiles.
Fearless nor fear'd an infant gaily leads
The calf and playful lion o'er the meads.
The stingless adder, nature's pictured toy,
Coils round the tresses of the jocund boy.

The gentle falcon and unwarlike dove
Are trusty playmates in the league of love.

Where briers* flourish'd, fragrant myrtles bloom,
And beauteous firs the place of thorns assume.
On shaggy steeps the fruitful corn uprears
Like waving Lebanon, its rustling ears.
Through every country in perennial bloom
The rose of Sharon sheds a sweet perfume.

The troubled waters of pernicious crime
Retiring leave the precincts of our clime;
While doves of peace desisting from their flight
With gladsome wing on happy Edens light.
Farther and wider grace extends her reign,
'Till earth's vast regions seem one holy fane.

E'en queenly Rome, which flush'd with feats of pride,
For realms coequal with earth's limits sigh'd,
And sought with cords of priestly thrall to bind
In later years the current of the mind,
On her old summits truth and love enthrones,
And longs to spread the blessedness she owns.

* "Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree."—Isaiah lv. 13.

No more deceiving and no more deceived
The Moollah* hates the tales he once believed.
Imposture's lore the Muftis cease to heed,
And rank as primates of a holier creed.
Lost is the Koran; for Muezzin's† knells
Unnumber'd churches peel enlivening bells.
The Dervish quits the haunts; where error's night
Reft the still scenes of profit and delight.
Mohurrun‡ comes, but priest and people fail
And Expectation drops her wonted tale.
Before the cross the crescent fades away,
Like the moon fleeing the approach of day,
It wanes—for ever wanes—and Earth appears
Deck'd with new smiles upon the trace of tears.

The happy Hindoo, quitting Cavery's‖ wave,
In purer streams desires his soul to lave.
From mystic arts and drowning zealots free
Unsullied Gunga rolls her mimic sea,
Leaving no relics in the blushing tide
Of yearly groups, who seeking pardon died.

* Moollah a priest of eminence, Mufti a high priest, Dervish a priest of ascetic habits, among the Mahometans.

† Muezzin, the call of the followers of Mahomet to prayer.

‡ Mohurrun, a celebrated Mahometan festival.

‖ Cavery, one of the sacred rivers of India.

Enlighten'd Brahmins cast with scorn away
The broider'd Poita,* and the Trishula.
At Kurruck Poojah the tormenting swing
Attracts no zealots, no spectators' ring.
No myriads haste, collected from afar,
To drag in triumph Pooree's idol car.
No fatal Suttees with malignant flame
Uncall'd of heaven the youthful widow claim:
But tuneful lips are strains of Zion taught,
Where carols hail'd the bloody Juggernaut.
A true Avatar† priests of Boodh adore,
Expectant islands‡ need to wait no more.
No fell volcanoes of an eastern sky,
Discharge the lava of Idolatry.
The raging fires are lull'd in deep repose,
Its hideous jaws the crater seems to close.
While meek Religion with confiding care
Tills the rich steep, and hopes a harvest there.

The Sophis§ fail, the Dairi‖ quits Japan,
And China's Monarch dwindles to the man.

* Poita and Trishula, the insignia of the Brahminical order.

† Avatar, an incarnation of the Deity.

‡ "And the isles shall wait for his law."—Isaiah xlii. 4.

§ Sophis, Persian priests.

‖ Dairi, the spiritual monarch of Japan.

The worshipp'd Lama* of a priestly race,
Sinful and frail, implores celestial grace.
Disclaiming borrow'd rank, he owns divine
A king and priest of Salem's peaceful line.
Near warbling Maykaung truth enthroned on high
Scans the snatch'd trophies of Idolatry:
The winding Meinam in majestic pride
With notes of gladness rolls her silver tide:
While man exulting on her beauteous strand
Expects a holier state, a lovelier land.
'Mid winter frosts Religion's genial glow
Yields hope and solace to the Esquimaux.
Stern tabus cease, no vengeful gods in ire
To grace their marais human heads require.
Faditras † fail in Madagascar's clime,
Save in the Lamb, who bore the curse of crime.
Odies forbear to charm, the doubtful eye
Turns to the Scriptures from the Sikidy.‡
From prairie wilds is borne the Redman's prayer
To heaven's high portals, and admitted there;
And either Ind exhaustless wealth has gain'd,
Better than all their choicest mines contain'd.

* Lama, the spiritual Sovereign of Thibet, who lives in a splendid palace 367 feet high, and containing 10,000 apartments.

† Faditra, an expiatory victim. ‡ Sikidy, a method of divination.

The idols fall unhallow'd and forlorn,
Like Thor and Woden of their godhead shorn.
Error abash'd its holds and fanes resigns,
Hymnless the courts and desolate the shrines.

As when the sun has scatter'd melting beams
O'er icy margin of impeded streams,
From neighbouring heights the crested flakes of snow,
Dissolve in rills and seek the vales below,
Where with collected force the rivers urge
Impetuous billows to the ocean surge;
So countless bands, with holy zeal which glow,
From either pole to Zion's Church shall flow,*
All wintry chillness, like declining frost,
In beams of more than solar splendour lost,
'Till earth reflects in deeds of peace and love
The bliss of Eden, or the realms above;
From zones and tropics—from the distant poles,
Onward the brimming tide of blessing rolls;
But He, whose mandate ocean's surge obey'd,
Bids not these fertilizing streams be stay'd.

* "The mountain of the Lord's house shall be established in the top of the mountains, and shall be exalted above the hills; and all nations shall flow unto it."—Isaiah ii. 2

The tree of life, in comely grace array'd,
Extends its boughs and casts a cooling shade.
Which grateful nations knit in concord view,
(Of various language and diverse their hue.)
They eat its fruits, 'neath friendly shadows rest,
And prize its leaves, of healing power possess'd.
Salvation's ensign dances to the breeze
In Borneo's fields, or snowy Celebes.
Tonquin's * broad gulf the barks of peace explore,
Or furl their canvass on Corea's† shore.
In stern Papua‡ lights the mystic dove,
And realms of fierceness turn to homes of love.
Far more than tale or fancy e'er express'd,
The Tropic groups are "islands of the bless'd."

What now, O world, thy bias ? does the tide
Of wealth and sway in wonted channels glide ?
Do spell-bound mortals for thy favour sigh,
Yielding the incense of idolatry ?
Thy gauds uncover'd latent dross display,
Thy bubbles break, thy shadows fade away.

* The Gulf of Tonquin borders on China.

† The Peninsula of Corea is tributary to China.

‡ Papua, or New Guinea, is an Island in the South Seas, occupied by savages.

Thy fashion fails, each gift unvalued lies,
Save what reflecting reason deigns to prize.
Friendship with God begins, thy votaries eye
The radiant portals of Eternity.
One strife—one holy strife—pure bosoms feel,
Who may be foremost in devoted zeal.
And yet the One, most true to duty's call,
Envied by none, is loved and praised by all.

Religion pleased with absolute control
To Reason gives the rudder of the soul,
Which in her homeward course exults to glide,
Shook by no blasts, nor turn'd by storms aside.
Mean transient cares devise attacks in vain,
Too weak to ruffle joy's auspicious reign.
Spontaneous thoughts acknowledge duty's sway,
Nor find it strange or irksome to obey.
The heart's best faculties untarnish'd shine,
The ore most precious, infinite the mine.

Domestic scenes the blissful days recall,
Spent once in Eden previous to the fall,
Melting the feelings in ecstatic trance,
Far, far surpassing annals of romance.
And Beauty's self her mightiest spell to bind
Requires the comelier graces of the mind.

In useful converse hours serenely glide,
And watchful Conscience finds no words to chide.
Sweet nature breathes of peace, and more than this,
Each inmost feeling owns the rule of bliss.

Friends heed not wars of Roses,* red and white,
Nor Jena's† fears, as rival eagles fight,
How Russian valour thinn'd the Gallic host,
While hunger thousands slew, and myriads frost:
How Saragossa ‡ stemm'd the tide of war,
And Schymla § waved the reeking cimeter.
The deadly breach—the 'leaguer'd city's fall—
The penal cell—the teeming hospital—
The widow's shrieks—appal no tender sense;
Hush'd is the name and tale of violence. ‖

* The civil wars of the Lancastrians and Yorkists, whose badges were the red and white roses.

† The eagle of France and the black eagle of Prussia were hostile standards in the battle of Jena.

‡ Saragossa, celebrated for its two sieges sustained against the French.

§ Schymla a Turkish town, which successfully repelled every attack of the Russians.

‖ "Violence shall no more be heard in thy land."—Isaiah lx. 18.

The quest has ceased, who bade in Egypt's skies
Yon stately pile of pyramids arise;
And none enquire the genealogic tree
Of those whose lives disgraced their ancestry.

Yet there are themes embalm'd in constant praise,
Which Glory celebrates in choicest lays,
Who to each savage clan, and dreaded shore,
The radiant beacon of the Gospel bore;
And who translated, to long study given,
The lively Oracles, the gift of Heaven;
And fearless saints, who necks for slaughter bared,
Or daily toil'd, for such high fate prepared;
How distant isles * and latent realms were trod
By holy men, ambassadors of God;
Who, when adventure paused, and commerce fail'd,
Secluded nations wrapt in error hail'd.
And opening minds through time's delightful course
Are early taught of Swartz and Wilberforce.

* Rarotonga was discovered by the Missionary Williams.

What are the mind's most high and noble powers,
When busy thought forgets the fleeting hours,
And what the sympathetic charm, which blends
Kindred with kindred, and the friend with friends,
When looks benign, and words of cheerful strain
Proclaim the joy that waits on friendship's reign?

And what the bliss, when, wing'd with hope and prayer,
The happy Christian breathes a purer air,
Heeding the time when God on sapphire throne
The sons of earth as sons of heaven shall own,
And Jesus, long and deeply loved, be seen,
Heard, and replied to, with no veil between?

These, and still more await the happy mind,
Matured by genius, and by love refined,
Soaring, like eagles, in sublime career,
Soft, like the turtles, in domestic sphere,
Blest from itself, with aspirations fired,
Worthy of God, and by his breath inspired.*

Heroes there are, and nobler far than those
Who single-handed slew a host of foes,

* "And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life."—Genesis ii. 7.

Heroes—and yet it is their chief employ
To banish grief, and spread the reign of joy,
With eyes to pity, ears to learn distress,
A hand to succour, and a voice to bless.

Religion grieves not o'er the wounds of strife,
Nor error dims the radiant lamp of life ;
But love, and faith, and holy peace endear
The changeless Sabbath of the tranquil year.

The lustre wanes of vaunted bard or sage,
The pride of Athens, or Augustan age,
For noble themes in fair luxuriance throng,
And choice and duty swell the tide of song.
Unworthy chains no soaring genius bind,
No meteor fire distracts the thoughtful mind.
With tireless zeal the ardent musings burn,
By God assisted, while to Him they turn.
The beauteous earth—the stars which gem the sky,
Conspicuous marks of wondrous skill supply.
Creatures through air and land and seas declare
The hand of skill, the heart of ceaseless care.
Graced with unwonted charm melodious lays
Hymn Jesu's triumphs, and Jehovah's praise.

Thoughts upward crowd, and glowing hearts aspire,
Where heavenly minstrels strike a kindred lyre.

Satan is bound, nor wends his wonted way,
Fearful to roar, and quick to seize his prey,
Too long usurping despot o'er a land
Rich in the glories of its Maker's hand.
He yields, subdued by overwhelming might,
The hope of triumph, and the palm of fight.

E'en they again, who erst in Eden's bowers
Conversed with Adam in his sinless hours,
Continual visits to his children pay,
Deeming past ages as one fleeting day.
Though war's dread carnage taints the stream of time,
And earth has blush'd at carnivals of crime ;
In changeless joy successive ages flee,
A thousand years one happy Jubilee.

There too appears in Honour's bright array
Awful with judgment, and endued with sway,

The martyr'd saints,* a tried yet faithful train,
With Christ they suffer'd, and with him they reign.

Upward are fairer scenes, for regions shine
Lit with the radiance of the face Divine.
A heavenly Zion boasts her jasper walls,
Streets paved with massive gold, and sparry halls,
Compared with which the visitant would call
Earth's noblest palace valueless and small.
There from appointed trusts conducted well
The saints of love—the dauntless heroes—dwell.
Each burgher's virtues glad the generous host,
As Jesu's purchase, and as Salem's boast.
Sabbaths would come and temples rise in vain,
All time one Sabbath, and all space one fane.

The sons of God, who sang Creation's birth,
Shout† with more rapture o'er the bliss of earth.

* "I saw the souls of them that were beheaded for the witness of Jesus; and they lived and reigned with Christ a thousand years."—Rev. xx. 4.

† "Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth? When the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy?"—Job xxxviii. 4—7.

Set on his ancient throne Jehovah scans
The glorious issue of unerring plans,
Turns to our world with tenfold stores array'd,
And smiles with pleasure on the race he made,
Marking his laws by choice and love sustain'd,
A heaven on earth, and paradise regain'd.

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